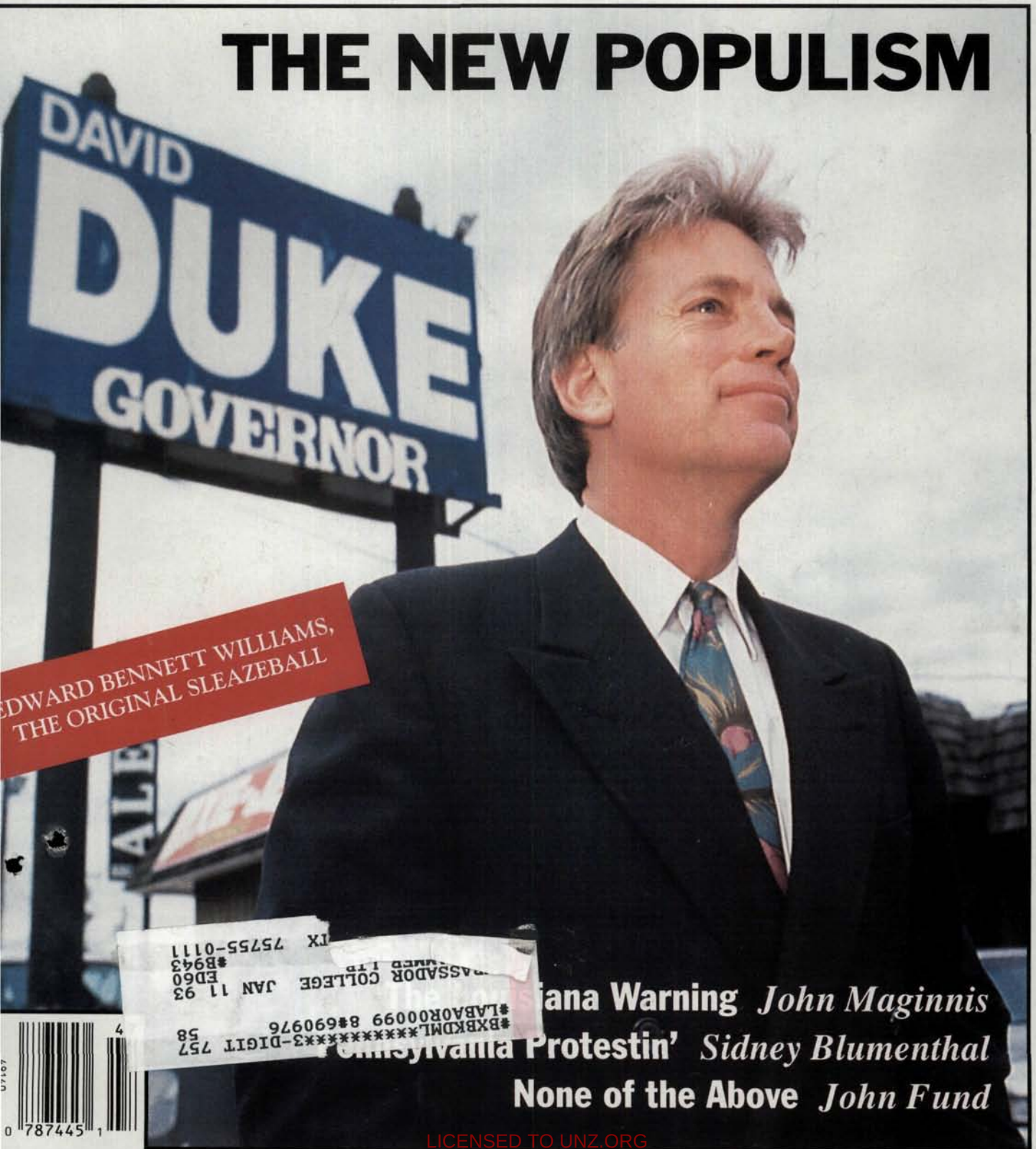
THE EDITORS: THE PALESTINIANS' LUCKY BREAK

NOVEMBER 25, 1991 • $2.95

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Que Seurat, Seurat • Neo-neoliberals & neo-neocons • Bush and Iraq's nukes

THE NEW POPULISM



EDWARD BENNETT WILLIAMS, THE ORIGINAL SLEAZEBALL

...iana Warning *John Maginnis*

...Protestin' *Sidney Blumenthal*

None of the Above *John Fund*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you've always believed the only way to get an agile, aero-styled, high-performance sedan was to buy small, you're in for a big surprise. It's time to forget the past, and get to know the all-new 1992 Pontiac Bonneville.®

Under its beautifully redesigned shape lurks a potent 170 horsepower 3.8L **3800 V6** with tuned port sequential fuel injection locked onto an advanced 4-speed automatic. Available **anti-lock brakes** and a precision-engineered, road-gripping sport suspension for outstanding control, stopping or steering. Available advanced **traction control** for superb power application on slippery surfaces.

Bonneville even features a

GM Call Toll-Free **1-800-762-4900** for your own 1992 Bonneville brochure.
® BUCKLE UP, AMERICA! ©1991 GM CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

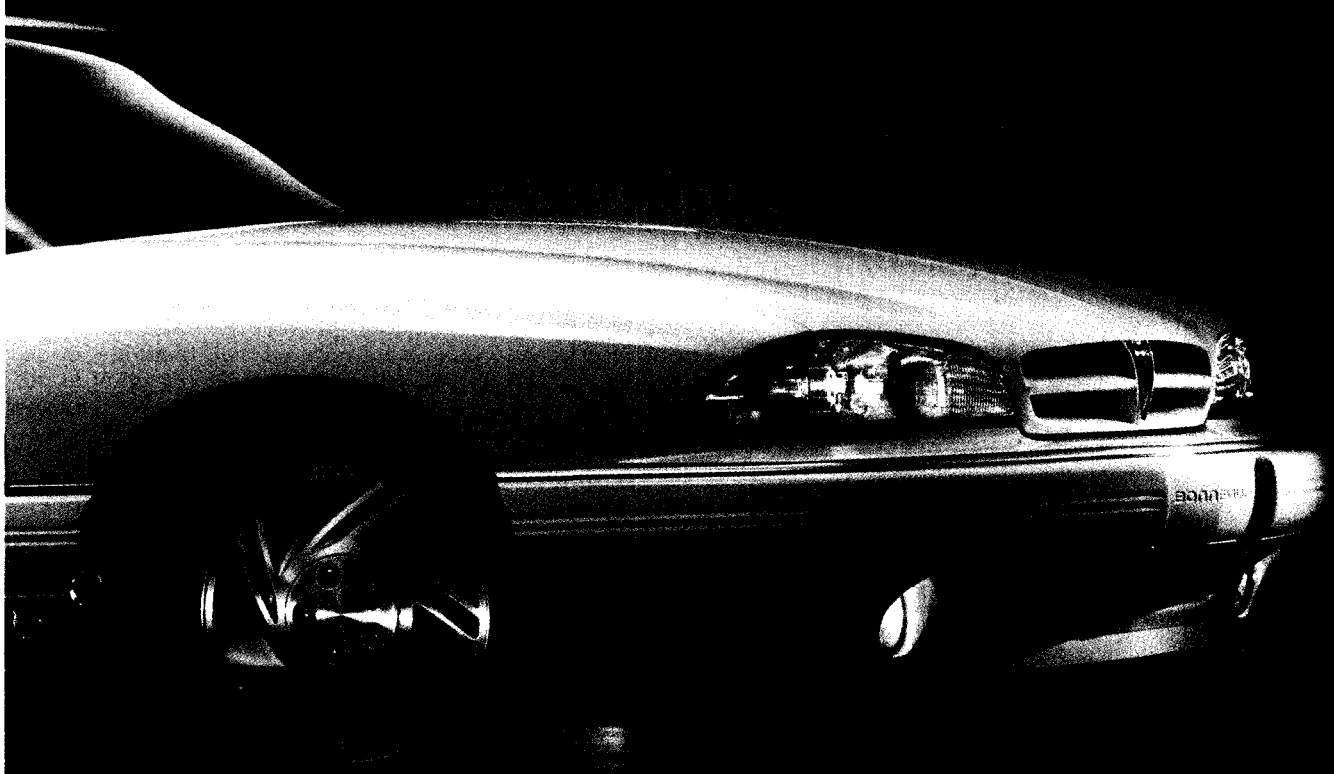
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOURSELF BONNEVILLE.

standard **driver's airbag**, for additional safety assurance.

That's the technical side. But to really get the feel of the new Bonneville, you've got to get behind the wheel. Notice how the solid-feeling controls react smoothly to the touch. How the analog gauges are well-defined for quick, decisive reads. How the whole cockpit is driver-oriented, and designed for performance. Then remind yourself this is a **full-sized** four-door sedan that can easily and comfortably carry six adults.

The all-new 1992 Bonneville. Introduce yourself at your Pontiac dealer soon. Just be prepared for an attitude adjustment to take place. Very, very quickly.



PONTIAC *We Build Excitement*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Irresolution 242 (cont'd.)

To the editors:

Regarding David Korn's November 18 letter, challenging my interpretation of the history of Resolution 242: Mr. Korn and I agree on the main point—that the text and negotiating history of Resolution 242 make it impossible to read the Resolution as *requiring* Israeli withdrawals to the 1949 Armistice Demarcation Lines, which is the position the Arab states take and the one taken in Secretary of State Baker's speech of May 21, 1991. We seem also to agree that the Resolution does not call for withdrawals from *each* of the territories occupied in the course of the Six-Day War, but that the problem of territorial adjustment in the West Bank was an important focus of concern during its negotiation. Nor does Mr. Korn deny that the task of drafting agreements of peace is remitted by Resolutions 242 and 338 to the parties, and that in all human experience, agreements can rarely if ever be construed and applied exactly in accordance with the expectations of all who signed them. Circumstances change, and cannot be ignored. What was self-evident in 1967, in the wake of Prime Minister Eshkol's generous offer of massive withdrawals for peace, is by no means so feasible today, after the major Arab aggression of 1973 and innumerable lesser aggressions. Unless Jordan and the West Bank Arabs accept the idea of economic union with Israel, territorial adjustments beyond those deemed "minor" in 1967 are inevitable.

EUGENE V. ROSTOW
Washington, D.C.

Unstitched

To the editors:

Scott Shuger's piece on his vasectomy ("Kindest Cut," October 14) left me with the conviction that '90s men are really wimpy in a sense not recognized by Mr. Shuger. A hospital? That really raises the cost. This is a procedure for a doctor's office, or an outpatient clinic. And two surgeons? Overspecialization. Some kind of right and left bower? Come on, Mr. Shuger, this is a simple procedure. And a jockstrap? No, no, Scott. That slows healing. Let the air get to it.

When I had my vasectomy twenty-one years ago, it was a quick Saturday morning visit to the doctor's office—no assisting surgeon. A friend of mine rode his bicycle home after his vasectomy. As for cringing, let me tell you about my cataract operation.

LARRY MAXCY
Cave Junction, Oregon

To the editors:

Before Scott Shuger settles back too securely in his armchair at home congratulating himself on his social responsibility, I would remind those considering vasectomy that a recent study undertaken at Roswell Park Hospital in Buffalo was reported to show significantly increasing rates of prostate cancer in patients undergoing vasectomy as compared with non-vasectomized controls. The incidence also appeared to increase directly with time, post-surgery. This was not a small sampling: there were more than 600 vasectomized individuals compared with approximately 2,500 non-vasectomized individuals.

Obviously, this study in and of itself is not definitive, but I would certainly recommend awaiting the results of further research before undertaking what may be the unkindest cut.

DAVID J. HAIDAK, M.D.
Clinton, Maryland

To the editors:

As a plastic and reconstructive surgeon, I take issue with Scott Shuger's flip comment that "doctors perform such socially pointless operations as breast implants and liposuction." If he were to ask the 2 million women in the United States who have had their breasts reshaped whether the procedure is "socially pointless" (especially the large subset who have had breast reconstruction following mastectomy), I am sure that they would be aghast at the insinuation. Silicone has restored their feminine image and given them the opportunity to go through daily activities without embarrassment. This is probably more important to them than Mr. Shuger's contemporary capacity for carefree copulation.

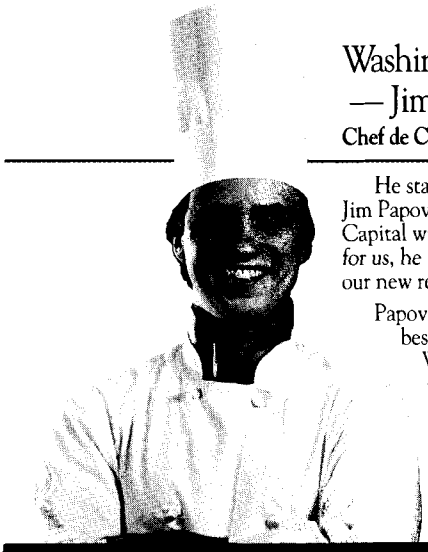
ROBERT L. SOLEY, M.D.
White Plains, New York

BAD attitude

To the editors:

It is a pity that as astute a historian as Gertrude Himmelfarb fails to grasp the historical context of Paul Fussell's *BAD: or, The Dumbing of America* ("The BAD-mouthing of America," October 28). Although she notes that Mr. Fussell began his career as a professor of eighteenth-century English literature, she fails to

continued on page 45



Washington D.C.'s Chef of the Year 1990
— Jim Papovich
Chef de Cuisine, *Lucie*, The Embassy Row Hotel

He started out at age 13 washing pots, and today at 28 Jim Papovich is the rising culinary star of the Nation's Capital with an impressive list of culinary awards. Luckily for us, he is also the talent behind the distinctive cuisine of our new restaurant, *Lucie*.

Papovich's competition thinks he creates some of the best meals in the city. That's why they voted him Washington's Chef of the Year.*

Weddings, corporate luncheons and special occasions of all kinds for groups of 10-300 benefit from Papovich's culinary perfection and *Lucie's* elegant service which is under the direction of Maitre d'Hotel Pierre Robert.

* according to a recent poll of 600 area chefs conducted by Chefs in America Publications.

What the Critics Say:

"We love *Lucie*... Jim Papovich's arrival moves The Embassy Row into the big time."
— Carol Cutler
Dossier

"*Lucie* Sparkles with its Upscale Menu."
— John Rosson
Washington Times

"... in his first few months [Papovich] has brought The Embassy Row Hotel's kitchen to levels it had never before known."
— Phyllis Richman
The Washington Post

Lucie

THE RESTAURANT
AT THE EMBASSY ROW HOTEL
For Reservations Call Maitre d'Hotel Pierre Robert (202) 939-4250
2015 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, N.W. • WASHINGTON, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

NOVEMBER 25, 1991

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,010

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN

Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL, HENDRIK HERTZBERG, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY, MORTON KONDRACKE, JACOB WEISBERG, ROBERT WRIGHT

Editor, New Republic Books (Basic Books)
PETER EDIDIN

Economics
ROBERT KUTTNER

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry
RICHARD HOWARD

Art
MARK STEVENS

Architecture
HERBERT MUSCHAMP

Contributing Editors
ELIOT A. COHEN, ROBERT COLES, STANLEY CROUCH, JAMES K. GLASSMAN, JOHN B. JUDIS, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND, ADAM MICHNIK, ROBERT B. REICH, JONATHAN RIEDER, MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL, E.V. THAW, ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY

Assistant Editors
KAREN LEHRMAN, LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH

Assistant Literary Editor
ALEXANDER STAR

Production Manager
BRUCE STEINKE

Assistant Production Manager
ANGELINA HAN

Production Associate
AMY E. KNOX

Reporter-Researchers
ANDREW BATES, JONATHAN BINES, MATTHEW LEVIE, MATTHEW REES

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Associate Publisher-Marketing
PAUL J. VIZZA

Associate Publisher-Circulation
H. EDWARD YOUNG, JR.

Controller
JEAN GANDY

Advertising Director
JENNIFER BARRETT

Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER

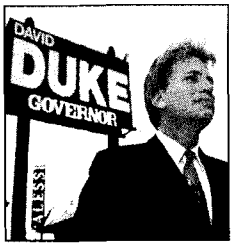
Circulation Manager
PATTI NAJDA

Advertising Assistant
CECELIA M. STEPHENS

Accounting Assistant
CHRISTINE SCHAUT

Back Issues and Reception
CAROLYN PARHAM

Director of Joint Advertising Sales
The New Republic/National Review
JAMES J. McCABE



Cover photo © Mark Peterson/JB Pictures. Articles on page 25 and 28. TRB will return next week.

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** The case for big breasts, silly car names, &c.

6 **THE EDITORS** THE GAIN IN SPAIN The good news from Madrid is that inflexible absolutism is no longer the Arab consensus. NOTEBOOK Bushism of the week, &c.

9 **DAVID SEGAL** ROGUES ISLAND The unchanging politics of a tiny state.

10 **SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL** POPULISM IN TWEEDS How Harris Wofford's unlikely attack on Bush surrogate Dick Thornburgh tapped the power of bourgeois revolt.

15 **GIL PIMENTEL** UP THE WALL Achieving Middle East peace is a cinch compared with getting Arabs and Israelis to appear together on 'Nightline.'

16 **ROBERT D. KAPLAN** CROATIANISM The neo-Nazi ideology of the latest Balkan leader.

18 **MORTON KONDRACKE** NEO-POLITICS Neo-neoliberals and neo-neocons have some good ideas in common. If they stop speaking German, the message might just catch on.

20 **MARK HOSENBALL** BLIND EYE How the Bush administration helped Iraq go nuclear.

25 **JOHN MAGINNIS** THE HAZARDS OF DUKE Most of David Duke's backers aren't racists or dupes. They're middle-class people mad as hell at government.

28 **JOHN H. FUND** 'NOTA' BENE The case for a none-of-the-above option.

30 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE Tom Stoppard's screenplay and Dustin Hoffman's performance sabotage *Billy Bathgate.*

31 **MARK STEVENS** ON ART: DOTTING THE EYES What makes Seurat modern is as much witchery as science. His dots are not as orderly as they seem.

34 **ROY PORTER** CHARITABLE CONTRIBUTIONS *Poverty and Compassion: The Moral Imagination of the Late Victorians* by Gertrude Himmelfarb

38 **JILL ABRAMSON** THE UNWISE MAN *The Man to See: Edward Bennett Williams* by Evan Thomas

40 **ALAN MICHAEL PARKER** POEMS *The Geese, A Little Something*

42 **THOMAS R. EDWARDS** THE PAGES OF SIN *Harlot's Ghost* by Norman Mailer

42 **ANDREW SULLIVAN** WASHINGTON DIARIST: ONLY THE WIND

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 205, Number 22, Issue 4,010, November 25, 1991. (Printed in the U.S. on November 6, 1991.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 7 & 14, July 15 & 22, Aug. 19 & 26, and Sept. 16 & 23, 1991) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic/National Review joint advertising (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions, $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1991 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322. For subscription problems call 800-274-6686.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FLY THIS

FOUR TIMES AND TAKE OFF WITH A FREE ONE OF THESE.

Here's a deal that's sure to have everyone talking. Now you can get a free NYNEX® cellular telephone just for flying The Trump Shuttle!

All you have to do is fly four one-way trips (or two round trips) between November 11, 1991, and January 31, 1992. Every time you fly you'll receive a NYNEX cellular phone coupon.

When you've collected four coupons, you'll receive a certificate entitling you to your choice of a NYNEX 832 Plus cellular phone, a NYNEX 832 Portable, or, for New York customers, a $300.00 discount, and, for New England customers, a $200.00 discount, off the price of any other NYNEX mobile phone.*

Meanwhile, you'll be enjoying the kind of service that makes The Trump Shuttle the finest shuttle service in the sky: assigned seats, guaranteed back-up planes and on-the-hour service. Plus, of course, a minimum of 2,000 OnePass℠ miles on every flight thru December 31, 1991.

So next time you need to fly between New York and Boston or Washington, make sure you fly The Trump Shuttle.

And land yourself a free NYNEX cellular phone.

THE TRUMP SHUTTLE

PEOPLE. PERFORMANCE. PRIDE.

For more information, call your travel professional or The Trump Shuttle at 1-800-247-8786. *For information specific to The Trump Shuttle/NYNEX cellular phone offer, call 1-800-443-BELL and request the TRUMP extension. Restrictions apply. NYNEX minimum service commitments, standard activation fee, monthly service charges and normal usage rates apply.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

NOVEMBER 25, 1991

THE GAIN IN SPAIN

All of Israel, as it were, went to the Madrid conference: a hundred different "spinners," political advisers and academics and military officers of every stripe, legions of journalists who hung on every word of Faisal al-Husseini and Hanan Ashrawi. It was veritable mayhem at the Princessa Hotel, where the Israeli delegates were staying—the mayhem of democracy.

All of Syria was there as well: Zouhair al-Jannan, a lone functionary, dispensed the truth. A timid young architect was on hand to check the credentials of journalists and to make sure that no Israeli journalist made it into his presence. At home the Syrian briefer—stocky and pedantic, a creature of the censored media—is of a piece with his world. In the chaos of the press center in Madrid, Jannan was clearly lost. A stern, humorless despotism had come to boisterous carnival.

The Palestinians fared much better than the Syrians. It is, of course, the incredible luck of the Palestinians that the court of last resort for them is an Israeli one. If the Palestinians were there to narrate their history (as their leaders said), their best allies were the Israelis. It was the Israeli journalists who were at hand when the Palestinians staged a dramatic arrival in Madrid—flags, olive branches, and all. Israeli journalists also were the ones who found a way around the tight security of the Victoria Hotel to interview the Palestinians. On the way to autonomy, that Palestinian narrative will never acknowledge the luck of the draw: that of all potential enemies, they, the Palestinians, had drawn the Israelis.

If the Palestinians were in Madrid, they had gotten there courtesy of the two democracies—America and Israel. If this conference was a child of the Gulf war, the Palestinians—and the Jordanians—surely did not belong there. They had sided with the conqueror of Kuwait; they had hectored Bush and his campaign, and celebrated Israel's ordeal under the Iraqi Scuds. All this was forgiven them. They had a seat at the table. And Yitzhak Shamir looked away as the Palestinians openly coordinated with Yasir Arafat.

The Palestinians sailed close to the wind. Their speaker, the genial physician Haidar Abdel Shafi, paid homage to "Chairman Yasir Arafat." But the Israelis kept their cool. There were those who were sure that Shamir had come to Madrid eager to find a pretext for walking away. But he didn't. The Israelis accepted a separate Palestinian speech. Toward the end of the week they even winked at the idea of the Palestinians splitting off from the Jordanian delegation and sitting down for separate Palestinian-Israeli negotiations. The Palestinians had secured from Israel the autonomy denied them in Arab politics.

It was, of course, a selective national narrative that we were treated to in Madrid. No Palestinian delegate acknowledged that autonomy had been offered them a generation earlier by Menachem Begin and the Camp David accords, and that they had spurned it. Nothing was said of what the Palestinians had done to themselves—and to others along the way. The whole ruinous history of the Palestinian national movement—the maximalism, the refusal to accept the partition of the land, the rides hitched with dictators of every kind—was rewritten. It was without even a trace of irony that Haidar Abdul-Shaafi spoke of the "democratic, social, and political structures" that the Palestinians have evolved, of the "pluralism and diversity" of his people.

The Palestinian delegates and publicists came to Madrid unrepentant. But that was built into the kind of process that American diplomacy had launched. The "new history" had to come to the Middle East, and it had to come in a hurry. There was no time to wait for changes within Palestinian society—let alone for changes in the internal order of Syria. A "window of opportunity" had opened; that window was sure to close, we were told. We could not wait for the protagonists.

Certain things were bound to happen in this kind of multilateral setting. For one, American diplomacy tended (on the surface at least) to knit the Arab world together again. It has been the besetting sin of Arab politics that "brotherhood" and "consensus" have always meant the ascendancy of all that is retrogressive and dark in Arab politics. The *New York Times* correspondent Thomas L. Friedman referred to this in his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dispatches as the "lowest common denominator politics." Under the glare of publicity the Egyptians, our favorite wards in the Arab world, succumbed to the lure of extremism. Listening to the Egyptian Foreign Minister Amr Moussa, no one would have guessed that Egypt and Israel are at peace, and that Egypt had broken with the Pan-Arab fantasy. A lingering Pan-Arabism can still be discerned among the intellectual and political class in Egypt. It was that sentiment that Amr Moussa gave expression to. No homage was paid by the Egyptian to the legacy of Anwar al Sadat. Egypt has taken what Sadat had secured for it, but it remains curiously "unimplicated" in the peace. In the phase ahead the Egyptians should be pushed to make good on both the letter and the spirit of their accommodation with Israel.

For the disappointment in the Egyptian position, there was one large gain that American diplomacy could claim: the new policy and the clear change of heart on the part of Saudi Arabia. It was an open secret at the conference that a good deal of Saudi effort had gone into delivering the Syrians. A greater measure of self-confidence has entered the world of the "desert Arabs." The Saudis would not be bullied by the Syrians. On their own, the Saudis had decided that they would go it alone into the regional talks, with or without Syrian blessing and participation. In a different world the culture of shame and consensus would have left Saudi policy hostage to the Syrians. But now the Syrian state is on the ropes, the Saudis more willing to identify themselves with American policies. The initial plan was to have the states of the Gulf represented by Abdullah Bishara, the secretary general of the Gulf Cooperation Council—himself a citizen of Kuwait. But the Saudis went a step further; they would embrace the American-sponsored conference and dispatch Prince Bandar Bin Sultan, the Saudi ambassador to Washington. There was to be no ducking for cover in Madrid: chastened by the Iraqi conquest of Kuwait, the Arabs of the Gulf and the Peninsula have made a daring choice. On this score, the celebration of a Pax Americana in the Middle East has a solid achievement going for it.

President Bush says that at the end of the process he wants a Middle East where "normal men and women lead normal lives." We are beyond armistice lines and disengagement agreements here. And there can be no quarrel with this vision. We are happy that there is somewhere in the world where "the vision thing" is being redeemed. But American policy and American wisdom will be tested in the days ahead. For, even assuming that each party really wants peace (who can vouch for the Syrians?), there are chasms that separate them all. Of course the Arabs will demand from the American-sponsored diplomacy Israeli withdrawal from all the territories they won in the 1967 war. But by saying that he expects territorial compromise, President Bush has made clear that the "land-for-peace" transaction must be reciprocal: if Israel is to relinquish authority over some of the land, the Palestinians (and Syrians) must relinquish claims to the other parts of it. In any case, the Israelis are right that territorial compromise is only the beginning of a grand accommodation with their neighbors. Israel went to the conference at America's urging, but only in part. In the final analysis Yitzhak Shamir could not stay away because the promised accommodation—full peace, normalization, direct talks, an end to belligerency, an Arab acceptance of a sovereign Jewish state—has far too much power and resonance in the Israeli body politic to be ignored or slighted by any Israeli government in power.

At the heart of what Bush and Baker have promise the Israelis is a transformed Arab world. With that promised world—less militarized, more open, less likely to seek alibis for all its troubles—it would be safe to do business and to strike compromises. The lure of radicalism would be vanquished, the internal order of states like Syria and Iraq would be changed, the circle of siege around Israel would be broken for good. The deadly arsenals of the Syrians and the Iraqis would be scaled down, the Palestinians would acknowledge the bankruptcy of their previous ways, the Arab intellectuals would set out to explore the condition of their societies. In that Arab world men and women would not have to sing Zionist hymns; they need only acknowledge that there in their midst is a sovereign Jewish state with its own national narrative. They needn't applaud when that narrative is told. They need only acknowledge the deep truth of their world and extend it to their adversaries: that different tribes have their own poets, their own grazing grounds, places they defend and call home.

NOTEBOOK

BUSHISM OF THE WEEK: "I want to be positioned in that I could not possibly support David Duke because of the racism and because of the ... bigotry and all of that." —October 29, on his heart-felt, sincere, from-the-gut opposition to fellow Republican David Duke

CARROT AND CARROT: George Bush's China policy boils down to three simple rules: capitulate, capitulate, capitulate. The Chinese, desperate for a high-level U.S. visit to restore the facade of normalcy shattered by Tiananmen Square, are about to be rewarded in person by Secretary of State James Baker, who travels to Beijing on November 15-17. Baker would do better to remind the gerontocrats, from a distance, of their failure to acknowledge the slaughter of the students, their exploitation of slave labor, their contribution to the worldwide proliferation of missile and nuclear technology, the continuing genocide in Tibet, and their abysmal treatment of political prisoners. When the Chinese have taken some concrete steps to correct these "irritants" to U.S.-China relations, Mr. Baker should go to Beijing—not before.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOLS ON THE HILL: In the wake of the embarrassing check-bouncing scandal, the House has acted decisively to restore its public image. On October 29 it voted 226-190 to approve an amendment sponsored by Republican Joe Barton of Texas to fund drug testing for House members. It is not clear whether the amendment actually requires urine samples from all members as intended, but Mr. Barton vows not to rest until he sees specimens. In any case, it's a shame that no one thought to remind the gentleman from Texas of South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings's great quip, uttered during his last election. Challenged by his opponent to take a drug test, Mr. Hollings said he'd be glad to, just as soon as his opponent volunteered to take an I.Q. test. •

Pirates, lobbyists, and other fauna.

ROGUES ISLAND

By David Segal

Rhode Island is having a rough year. In January the state's financial system had a heart attack—twelve banks and credit unions were closed and some 200,000 depositors were frozen out of their accounts—after a prominent banker, Joseph Mollicone Jr., vanished with $14 million from the credit union he ran, all but emptying the state's privately run insurance fund. Mollicone, who had honed his finance skills with mobsters such as convicted murderer Luigi "Baby Shanks" Manocchio, was so generous a donor to state politicians that he was taken at his word in June 1990 when he accounted for $8 million missing from his credit union with a chronology of loans made up in his head. This summer the mayor of Pawtucket was tape-recorded shaking down a contractor, and two prominent state justices were arrested for taking "loans" from lawyers who appeared before them.

Rhode Islanders are anything but surprised. Sure they're out upward of half a billion for a bailout. But this is the state that brought us Vincent Cianci, the Providence mayor who saw seventeen members of his first administration jailed and became a convicted felon after he beat, burned, and urinated on a man he accused of having an affair with his wife. Given a five-year suspended sentence, he landed an afternoon chat show on one of the state's most popular radio stations and used it to lambaste local pols. In 1990 he ran for his old seat, and won. Then there's Joseph Bevilacqua, the chief justice of the state Supreme Court who was forced to resign in 1986 for consorting with Mafiosi and committing adultery in a motel owned by criminals. Also from Rhode Island is former U.S. representative and perennial ethics investigatee Ferdinand St. Germain, who during his tenure as chairman of the House Banking Committee ran up a $20,000 dinner tab on James "Snake" Freeman, a lobbyist for the savings and loans industry. While St. Germain was tirelessly deregulating the S&Ls into a trillion-dollar taxpayer nightmare, he got rich building International House of Pancake restaurants with shady loans.

How did Rhode Island get so corrupt? Much of the blame lies with the General Assembly, which is immensely powerful, overwhelmingly Democratic, and totally controlled by the Speaker of the House, Joseph DeAngelis, and the Senate majority leader, John Bevilacqua (yes, the former chief justice's son). "The rest of us," says Rodney Driver, a representative pushing for reform, "are to do what we're told." Last June, for instance, the House passed 122 bills—some more than thirty pages long—in one day, having heard only perfunctory descriptions by sponsors moments before voting. Roughly 85 percent of the votes are unanimous or pass with one or two dissensions since a bill is rarely even voted on that does not have the approval of the leadership. Prior to renovating the electronic voting system in 1988, many lawmakers simply wedged a wad of paper into the green button at the beginning of each legislative session and let the "yeas" ride. Pesky free thinkers would sometimes add hostile amendments to bills, sending folks scrambling to free up their buttons.

What the assembly lacks in excitement as a deliberative body, however, it makes up for as a log-rolling apparatus and venue for conflicts of interest. This year, a bill was ramrodded through extending by thirty days the time that the American Universal Insurance Company could take to go into bankruptcy. The bill baffled onlookers until it was discovered that the company was represented by DeAngelis's law firm, which was being paid by the day. One of only five bills voted down this year would have prevented lawmakers from using their offices to help relatives. In 1988 the assembly leadership hastened the banking crisis by eliminating the need for credit unions to hold any cash reserves to cover savings accounts (not having read the bill, few lawmakers understood what they'd done). Since the assembly appoints all the Supreme Court justices, all the justices are former legislators. They don't forget their former colleagues when it's time to uphold decisions about, for example, the legality of doubling the assembly's pensions, which it did in 1987. The blurred line between the legislative and judiciary in Rhode Island has given checks and balances a whole new meaning.

To deflect attention from all the frenzied back scratching, the assembly passes lots of silly laws. For instance, last March, in an effort to appear tough on drugs, the House voted 88-0 to impose a ten-year prison sentence for possession of "cocoa leaves," because, as the bill's sponsor explained, "chocolate comes from the cocoa bean and cocaine comes from the cocoa leaf." Actually, there's no such thing as cocoa leaves, but leave

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it to Rhode Island to criminalize an imagined form of chocolate right before Easter.

The presence, albeit a waning one, of the Mafia doesn't help the prevalent sleaze. But there's a deeper reason for the widespread corruption: tradition. Though history textbooks recount Roger Williams's founding of the state as a safe haven for the religiously persecuted, it has, from inception, been far better known as a safe haven for the criminally inclined. In the early eighteenth century, pirating was among the more common career paths, and it was happily facilitated by the government. When the British set up courts to check that only ships at war with England were looted, Rhode Islanders set up their own court and approved the most egregious hauls. Governors got rich by charging, and pocketing, an authorization fee for contraband runners. The state was also home to the country's most active slave traders.

In the years following the defeat of the British, Rhode Islanders preferred a lawless grab-what-you-can approach to commerce over any national rules of decorum and a taxation system that would take a cut of the booty. While surrounding states were pulling together to create a union, Rhode Island was passing laws to fleece out-of-state creditors to eliminate debts incurred from the War of Independence and was refusing even to consider the Constitution. The Founding Fathers sputtered outrage. Washington deemed Rhode Island's behavior "scandalous." Madison damned its "wickedness and folly." Only after Congress threatened to cut off trade and treat it as a foreign entity did "Rogues Island," as it was unaffectionately known, agree to ratify.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the state's corruption was infamous. Lincoln Steffens, in a 1905 article for *McClure's* titled "Rhode Island: A State for Sale," chronicled vote-buying on a scale startling even by that era's standards. The state was run by an oligarchy of Republican Yankees who manipulated power to reap enormous fortunes and were intent on keeping the rapidly growing immigrant class powerless. The machine boss, Charles Brayton, never won elective office, but he controlled state politics and doled out patronage with legendary efficiency. His power waned only briefly when, in 1880, he broke new ground in franking abuse after he used $37,000 in post office stamps as collateral for a personal loan and then, discovered, stole the same amount in cash from postal funds.

By the 1920s the Democrats—composed mainly of the Irish working class—won big minorities in the legislature and filibustered for six acrimonious months to pass reforms extending the vote to propertyless citizens. The Republicans did not give in without making a stink. Literally. Desperate to break the filibuster, they hired a man to set off a bromine gas bomb in the Senate, clearing the chamber with a stench so rank that the session ended without so much as an appropriations bill to pay government employees. By 1928 the Democrats started laying to rest the GOP's era of one-party dominance and corruption and began their own. The part of the Yankees was played first by the Irish, later the Italians, but the sense that government was essentially a business opportunity endured.

Rhode Islanders, whose tolerance for corruption in high places is second only to the Japanese, are finally showing signs they've had enough. A poll conducted in September by Brown University found that 75 percent thought the state was heading in the wrong direction, a level of angst that far surpasses even that of tax-convulsed New Jersey. The current assembly leadership is expected to be the first casualty in the throw-the-bums-out movement that is gaining momentum around the country. "The state today is like a family with alcoholic parents," said Philip West, who heads the Rhode Island Common Cause office. "Mom and Dad have crashed the car and hit rock bottom, and the kids are finally saying 'enough.' "

DAVID SEGAL is a Washington writer.

The professor and the middle class.

POPULISM IN TWEEDS

By Sidney Blumenthal

Seven months ago Senator John Heinz—youthful, handsome, wealthy, and politically impregnable—left Washington in a small plane. The pilot, concerned about safety, wanted to ensure that the landing gear was in good working order. He radioed for a helicopter to fly up and inspect. Suddenly the copter veered into the hovering plane, and the aircraft descended in flames upon a suburban schoolyard. The senator and several children were killed.

Governor Bob Casey now had the chance to appoint the first Democratic senator from Pennsylvania in more than a generation. For nearly two months, however, he dithered and then failed to find a taker. Several promising state officials turned down the offer, fearing that they might lose the seat. Casey then laid the appointment at the feet of Lee Iacocca. But the industrial statesman, believing himself above elective office, rejected the glittering prize as if it were a bent hubcap. Finally Casey settled on a man who would accept it: his secretary of labor and industry, Harris Wofford. The new senator had been an aide long ago to President Kennedy, an author of serious books, and the first male president of Bryn Mawr College. The 65-year-old liberal intellectual, given to bouts of high-flown rhetoric, seemed a superannuated choice. But he was distinguished enough not to embarrass Casey for the few short months he would serve as senator.

Down in Washington, the favorite son prepared for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Holiday gift offer!

THE NEW REPUBLIC

WINNER 1991 NATIONAL MAGAZINE
AWARD FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE

Give:

$69.97 for the first gift (or your own renewal)

Receive:

Savings over 35% off the basic $69.97 price for each additional gift—only $44.95

ACT NOW . . . for fastest service call toll free 1-800-274-6350 offer expires December 31, 1991!

The nation's hottest journal of politics, ideas and culture, *THE NEW REPUBLIC* makes an enlightening gift.

For someone who shares your quest for intelligent, provocative reading, there's no better way to say "Happy Holidays."

A welcome challenge for curious minds, your gift of *THE NEW REPUBLIC* will compliment your friends ... and remind them of your thoughtfulness throughout the year.

Your friends will appreciate *THE NEW REPUBLIC* for the same reasons you do. And you'll appreciate our special holiday rates.

Gift subscription form

GIFT FOR

NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

GIFT FOR

NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

☐ Include my own subscription at special holiday rates: ☐ New ☐ Renewal

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

☐ Please charge my: ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Amer. Express

Account #

Expiration Date

Signature

Attractive gift cards will be sent in your name. NEW gifts begin with first January issue. Renewed subscriptions take effect after current subscription expires.

FROM

MY NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW REPUBLIC
P.O. Box 52333
Boulder, CO 80321-2333

21AI6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his triumphant return home. Dick Thornburgh, the attorney general, had been twice elected governor of Pennsylvania. He was a good government advocate, a former prosecutor from Pittsburgh, a crusader against crime and partisanship. Even many liberal Democrats found him an acceptable alternative to their party's hacks. He was for gun control, pro-choice on abortion, against capital punishment, for legalizing prostitution, and a board member of the local chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. After leaving the statehouse in Harrisburg he became the director of the Institute of Politics at Harvard's Kennedy School, where he presided until he was summoned to the capital to clean up the disaster left at the Justice Department by Edwin Meese. Once again Thornburgh was in his familiar role as the man beyond interests, ideology, and politics itself.

But over the Reagan years he had gradually transformed himself. One by one he threw overboard his previous positions. Now, in line with the conservative orthodoxy, he was anti-abortion, against gun control, and for capital punishment. In his confirmation hearings he said that he regretted having proclaimed "Gay Pride Week" in 1979. During the 1988 campaign he stepped forward as a surrogate for George Bush to lambaste Michael Dukakis for belonging to that organization of lily-livered liberals—the ACLU—without ever acknowledging his own erstwhile association. Like Bush, Thornburgh willingly exchanged principles for power. By this alchemy, Thornburgh became one of the few true Bush Republicans.

It all appeared to be working. Walking down the steps of the Justice Department, facing a group of reporters eager for a statement, he burst into song: "Oh, what a beautiful morning!" In the wake of the Gulf war future Republican victories seemed assured. In Philadelphia Thornburgh saluted an autographed picture of the commander-in-chief. "See you soon in Washington," he said, smiling toward the cameras. He was 44 points ahead of his opponent. Fewer than 15 percent of the voters even knew who Harris Wofford was.

The former governor had come back to Pennsylvania as if he were its anointed redeemer. Hadn't he brought pride to the commonwealth by having the Harvard imprimatur stamped on his virtue and by playing on the national stage? "I know the corridors of power in our nation's capital from my three years as a member of the president's Cabinet," he said. "Washington, D.C., my friends, is no place for on-the-job training." Power was his rationale. "Some folks have asked me why I'm running for the U.S. Senate," Thornburgh explained in an early ad. "It's simple. I love this state." He believed that the converse was true too, as his advertising slogan made clear: "Thank goodness for Dick Thornburgh." The suggestion that Pennsylvania ought to be grateful for his condescension was articulated by his campaign manager, Michele Davis, in one of those gaffes that reveal the truth. "Dick Thornburgh," said the Michigan native, "is the salvation of this sorry-assed state." Of course she apologized instantly.

But Wofford was paying attention. "That was the first time I thought that there are openings here," he told me. "Everyone focused on the 'sorry-assed state' part. But the worst of it was 'the salvation'—that you would think of politicians as saviors." (Wofford's remark has an edge to it that is not readily apparent. He is a recent convert to Catholicism.) "He is absolutely ideal," Wofford said. "He's so satisfied, so typical of the establishment, so inert, so focused on being in power rather than using power." Thornburgh did not expect real opposition of any kind, certainly not from the genteel Wofford. His instinct was to dismiss him as a non-entity barely worthy of notice. "Well," said Wofford, "it's a pleasure to give him a hot race."

Thornburgh expected that the campaign would be a gigantic homecoming parade, with himself as the hero. But the confetti-strewn spring gave way to a glum autumn. Thornburgh brought up the Gulf war once and never mentioned it again. The voters were obsessed with the faltering economy. Pennsylvania had been long suffering a decline of its industrial base. Now, hit by the recession, its unemployment rate jumped. The changed economic conditions and Bush's indifferent response radically shifted the terms of the campaign.

Suddenly Wofford stepped forward as something other than the absent-minded professor, the soft liberal. "People have always had a hard time getting the right fix on me," he said. "My rhetoric is romantic. I like the high promises." But his own past provided him with unusual resources upon which to draw. His story is a gospel for his campaign: the youthful student of Gandhi, friend of Martin Luther King Jr., aide to JFK, White House liaison to the civil rights movement, co-founder of the Peace Corps. Wofford's book on the 1960s, *Of Kennedys and Kings*, published in 1980, disdains the Camelot incarnation of the Kennedy administration and holds up for close inspection the flawed, incomplete reality. "John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King were my peers, not my heroes," he said. "They weren't my mentors, but they showed me what could be done."

Wofford presented the extraordinary spectacle of a liberal intellectual willing to do what's necessary to win an election. He took a crash course in how to become a candidate. His chief instructor was James Carville, the Ragin' Cajun from Louisiana, possessed of keen campaign insight and visceral class emotion. Carville doesn't just prescribe populism—he vibrates with it. Wofford neither second-guessed his advisers nor submerged himself. What he learned above all, he said, was the value of "the discipline of the message." He was naturally diffuse and digressive. But with a bit of prodding, he stuck to the themes. His blasts helped prevent his image from being that of a liberal martyr, too good for this world. Even in his aggression, his manner was charming, especially in contrast to Thornburgh's. He seemed to delight in campaigning. "I've been hitting them too hard to come across as a saint," he said gleefully.

The potential for a Democrat was not far beneath the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's Not Enough to Tell the Patient That He's Sick

By Albert Shanker, President of the American Federation of Teachers

One of the national education goals adopted last year by President Bush and the governors is that U.S. students will be "first in the world in math and science" by the year 2000. Now the latest math test scores from the National Assessment of Educational Progress (NAEP) are in. These scores tell us that only 5 percent of our graduating twelfth graders can solve problems using algebra and geometry, and half of those about to graduate from high school cannot even do what NAEP calls seventh-grade work.

It's not the first time we've heard about the dismal performance of U.S. students in math: NAEP has been giving us the same bad news for 20 years. So it should come as no surprise that our kids are nowhere near "first in the world." What can we expect now? Only, I'm afraid, that another test will be administered two years from now to see if we're doing any better.

Suppose you were feeling terrible and went to a doctor who tested you, said you had a fever and asked you to come back in two weeks. And suppose you returned every couple of weeks for a year or so to be tested, and every time, you got the same bad news but still no diagnosis and no advice. Few of us would think much of a doctor who did nothing but test us and give us bad news. But that's what's been going on in education for 20 years.

The real question is, what can be done to improve our students' math achievement?

Student math scores haven't changed because we haven't been doing anything between the tests to improve them. Testing is necessary but it's not enough, and no president or governor should be praised for simply putting in a system of tests and reporting on the miserable results. The real question is, what can be done to improve the results?

Along with test results, we should get a diagnosis. It might suggest that the problems leading to poor math achievement start in elementary school. Many teachers there have had little or no education in math so they can't do a good job of teaching it to children. However, replacing them is impossible because we don't have any better-qualified people waiting for their jobs. What can we do? We might pair up teachers who are strong in math with teachers who have other strengths and arrange for them to exchange classes. So an excellent math teacher might teach an extra math class in return for having a teacher who was especially strong in language arts take over that class. As a result, children would be more likely to have competent teaching in math. It would also help if we made more creative use of technology and offered programs to help teachers whose knowledge of math is inadequate.

But there are other possible diagnoses. Many people teaching math in secondary school are not math teachers at all: Only 6 out of 10 of them have degrees in math (or math education). What to do about this? Why not use incentives to increase the number of qualified people in the field? For example, offering math teachers higher salaries would encourage prospective teachers to prepare themselves to teach math, and it might even lure some former math teachers back to teaching. Or we could offer bonuses to teachers of other subjects if they became qualified in math. We could consider reorganizing the job of teaching math to make more effective use of our qualified teachers. Suppose outstanding math teachers headed up teams. They would be in charge of classroom instruction, and other team members would assist them by coaching students, teaching in areas where they were strong, grading papers and so forth. Besides making sure that students got excellent instruction, this system would also help teachers assisting on the team to improve their own math teaching.

We could also consider testing teachers before they were hired. I'm not talking about the kinds of low-level tests many teachers now take—and pass—as a condition of employment. I mean tests that would guarantee that prospective math teachers had solid knowledge of what they would be teaching.

The poor results may also be due to the fact that few high school youngsters do much work. They know they'll graduate from high school and, if they want to, get into college—even if they'd have trouble doing seventh-grade math. How can we encourage them to make a real effort? We could say that kids who don't achieve at a certain level can't get loans to attend college—or even be admitted to a four-year college—and that generous scholarships will be given to high math achievers. We could ask the businesses that employ high school students to give after-school jobs only to kids doing well in math. We could require students who haven't reached a given level in math by seventh or ninth grade to attend summer school to catch up.

Probably all of the things I've mentioned contribute to the terrible performance of our students in math and probably there is no single solution to the problem. But one thing is sure: Our math results are a disaster. Secondary schools in other industrial countries are graduating from 16 percent to 30 percent of students who know more math than our top 5 percent. Find that shocking? I do. But it's just as shocking that we've known this for over 20 years and have been working under the assumption that all we have to do is to give the patient the bad news periodically and he will somehow find a cure for himself.

MR. SHANKER'S COMMENTS APPEAR IN THIS AD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF TEACHERS. READER CORRESPONDENCE IS INVITED. ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO MR. SHANKER AT THE AFT, 555 NEW JERSEY AVE., N.W., WASHINGTON, DC 20001. ©1991 BY ALBERT SHANKER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surface. The state is nearly evenly split in party identification, but the Democrats have a slight edge. It has the oldest population of any state except Florida. Michael Dukakis lost here by only two points. Wofford, moreover, was not the machine pol whom Thornburgh expected and against whom he could run as the good-government type. Wofford had an appeal in the suburbs that cut directly into the GOP vote. But the main factor in his favor was the sense that the Republicans had no answer for the economic decline that had set in.

Wofford picked up on Thornburgh's conceit about being a Washington insider and turned it on him. At every opportunity, Wofford ridiculed his boasting about "the corridors of power." "He's been in Washington too long," said Wofford ads about Thornburgh. In fact, he had only been in Washington three years, but it was Thornburgh who had initially tried to make his experience sound like an eternity of wisdom. "It's time to take care of our own," said Wofford from every platform. The ambiguity of the statement cut deeply. It meant that Wofford was not just for the poor, but for the economically pressed middle class as well. It meant that Thornburgh, like Bush, the foreign policy president, was indifferent to their concerns. And it meant that Wofford was not like Democrats of the recent past who seemed to have lost a sense of what being a Democrat was all about. Here Wofford's identification with the practical energy of JFK was crucial. He was that kind of Democrat, not the other kind. To prove that he would "take care of our own," he was for national health insurance—an issue that appealed to a broad constituency consumed with social insecurity, aggravated by the recession. "If criminals have a right to a lawyer," he said, "working Americans have a right to a doctor." Thus he directed anger downward and upward in one combustible phrase.

When Thornburgh strode onto the stage, this theater of populism turned into something like the screwball, Capraesque populism of the 1930s. Thornburgh cast himself as a wholly satisfactory villain, not quite evil, just pompous, begging for a comeuppance. The humor derived from his lack of self-awareness. As he campaigned in Erie, a woman in a crowd complained about her economic difficulties. "Things are rough all over," Thornburgh replied testily. When questioned about health insurance, he said: "I don't have a plan at this time." He went on to relate his idea of public debate. "Political campaigns are often not the best time to cook up some instant solution to terribly involved public policy questions. That's a mistake my opponent is making."

He agreed to meet Wofford for one discussion of issues at which he expected to encounter nothing but deference. Wofford, however, hammered him about "his administration in Washington." "Why don't you elect a president?" Thornburgh snapped. Afterward, he complained that Wofford has "somehow been coached into the notion he has to snarl and fight and attack my character in this campaign." But Wofford had not attacked his character. He had raised issues that Thornburgh had not wanted to discuss. And Thornburgh sneeringly called him "Wooford," which only made Thornburgh the unsympathetic one.

Thornburgh was the first to launch negative television spots. It was not simply that he was against his opponent's ideas; he had none of his own, and none from the Bush administration even to defend. His campaign devolved into an effort to destroy the messenger so that his message would be obliterated. "What kind of man would take money from BCCI?" went Thornburgh's ad. "Harris Wofford." As it happened, Wofford's campaign had accepted a contribution from Paul Warnke, who had been President Carter's chief arms control negotiator and was the law partner of Clark Clifford. Although Clifford was accused of involvement in the BCCI scandal, Warnke was not. In fact, he had broken up the firm by leaving.

"What kind of man would take money from him?" said the voice-over. Adnan Khashoggi, the shady Saudi financier involved in the Iran-contra scandal appeared on the screen. Khashoggi had offered funding to a consortium of colleges fourteen years earlier to create departments of Middle Eastern studies. After consultations with the trustees and faculty at Bryn Mawr, Wofford turned down Khashoggi's offer and made a counter-offer: Bryn Mawr would accept scholarships for two Arab women.

"This is an ad from another planet," editorialized *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. Across the state, newspapers began unloading contempt on Thornburgh's campaign. Both of Thornburgh's hometown papers in Pittsburgh, which had supported him in every previous campaign, abandoned him. As the race became tight Thornburgh's handlers reasoned that anything that could pull Wofford down even slightly might be enough. But Thornburgh's tortured attempt to destroy Wofford by depicting him as a crook was easily deflected by facts. And this sort of relentless negativity had the effect of blotting out any positive effort. It became absurd when he tried to play racial politics against Wofford—the first white man to attend Howard University Law School, and whom King had dubbed a "legitimate Negro"—by attacking his vote against Clarence Thomas's confirmation.

Wofford then made Thornburgh's escape into his record impossible. The master of Washington was pummeled for his conduct as attorney general. Two of Thornburgh's aides had failed polygraph tests about leaking unfounded rumors about then-Representative William Gray, the House majority whip, a potential rival in Pennsylvania politics. Another aide was convicted of cocaine use. The list of particulars went on: he has frustrated prosecution of the Inslaw case; he neglected to prosecute the BCCI case and the Neil Bush case; he got a White House waiver of conflict-of-interest rules so that he could negotiate the Exxon Valdez oil spill, though he had investments in two oil companies. So much for the good-government champion.

With a week to go, a bewildered Thornburgh announced that he might have a health care plan. It was the one that the Bush administration was trying to for-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mulate. And it had the "option" of taxing health care benefits. Ooops! No, said Thornburgh, he had not said that. He was misquoted. But the reporter for *The Pittsburgh Press* had it all on tape, and Thornburgh's slip was dominating day after day of the news in a kind of continuous feedback loop. In the final days Republican pollsters gulled the national press into printing stories that the gap was closing, though in fact it was widening.

On the golf course President Bush told the press that he would "stay away or go" to Pennsylvania, "whatever he wants." Bush did not go. But the day before the election, Thornburgh offered to all the local television stations satellite interviews from Washington with Vice President Dan Quayle. The same day an old alumna of Bryn Mawr, angry about Thornburgh's negative advertising, endorsed Wofford. With this, he won the heroine of the Capra movie: Katharine Hepburn. Quayle was overshadowed by the co-star of *State of the Union*. Mr. Vice President, you're no Spencer Tracy. On November 5 Thornburgh's hemorrhaging stopped at last. He lost 56 percent to 44 percent. His vote was the exact percentage he had, only a few months earlier in another era, been ahead.

Dick Thornburgh, who came to Washington harboring presidential ambition, may now return to Pittsburgh, where as a distinguished former, addressed by one and all as "Governor," he may haunt the comfortable upstairs rooms of the exclusive Duquesne Club. At the White House, in the meantime, campaign consultants trailing streams of poll numbers rush in and out of panicky meetings. George Bush, who abruptly canceled his trip to Asia on Election Day, will spend the time uncharacteristically immobile. Something is gnawing inside the walls. •

Arab vs. Jew on 'Nightline.'

UP THE WALL

By Gil Pimentel

They've all been in the papers, the central figures in the worst night of my life: Haidar Abdul-Shaafi, Saeb Erekat, Mamdough al-Aker, and Hanan Mikail-Ashrawi. The four are in the news because they represented the Palestinians at the U.S.-led peace conference in Madrid last week. But one night three years ago they held my career (and a fair amount of ABC News's prestige) in their hands as they considered the obstacles to a direct dialogue with Israeli parliamentarians on a special edition of "Nightline."

It was a night that began, oddly enough, with congratulations: "I didn't think it was going to happen, but you've managed to pull together a credible panel of Palestinians." The speaker was Mikail-Ashrawi, an academic who's been one of Secretary of State James Baker's principal negotiating partners in laying the groundwork for the peace conference. She was referring to my apparent success in persuading prominent Palestinians to appear on the program, for which I was a producer.

I had been burned far too often in the previous three weeks to feel any sense of triumph. Four panelists had been needed. Three had agreed to participate, then one got cold feet and withdrew. A replacement was found, but the new person's presence caused two others to withdraw, and so on. Even Mikail-Ashrawi, who had been invaluable in mustering support for our broadcast, was reluctant to appear on it. My fondest hope was simply that the newly constituted panel wouldn't collapse in the thirty hours remaining before airtime. As we discussed the details of her appearance, Mikail-Ashrawi wondered what the booths would be like.

"Booths?" I asked with trepidation. "What booths?"

"The booths that are supposed to separate us from the Israelis."

"There are no booths! Whoever said anything about booths?!"

"Saeb [Erekat, another panelist] said he discussed it with you."

"Yes, and I told him no way! You'll be onstage sitting at a table directly across from the Israelis."

"Then I don't see how we can appear on your show."

Once again I dredged up the arguments that I had been making all over the West Bank and Gaza to convince Palestinians to appear on the program: that for the first time they'd be able to speak to millions of Americans directly, for at least three hours, possibly longer, without editing or distortion, etc., etc. Even Yasir Arafat had approved.

Mikail-Ashrawi still worried that in appearing onstage opposite Knesset members (as opposed to ordinary Israelis) she and the other panelists ran a high risk of being labeled "alternative leadership." The term had an "Uncle Tom" connotation and referred to Palestinians whom the Israelis could recruit for the express purpose of having a non-PLO negotiating partner. At that point in the intifada, people perceived as "alternative leadership" could expect to be attacked—in print or otherwise—by their fellow Palestinians.

Mikail-Ashrawi's husband, Emile, nonetheless counseled boldness. "You can't let an opportunity like this slip by," he said. She countered that the panelists' participation was possible only because nearly all the major resistance groups in the territories had acceded to it. The basis for their assent, however, was that the Palestinians be separated from the Israelis and not speak to them directly. I had already conceded the second point; the Palestinians would need only speak to Ted Koppel. On the first point, however, I could not budge.

"What about a symbolic separation, then?" suggested Mr. Ashrawi. "What about a roll of barbed wire running between the two sides?" Barbed wire! "Hmmmm ... uh,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gee, Emile, I don't think my boss is going to go for that."

"Then what about a wall? Not too high, but enough to convey the symbolism?"

I agreed to sound out the possibilities with Rick Kaplan, then executive producer of "Nightline," and get back to them. The panelists, in turn, would withhold a final decision on their participation pending the outcome of my conversation with Rick.

Meanwhile, the Israeli panelists who had tentatively agreed to appear wouldn't give us a final confirmation until they knew exactly who would be sitting across the stage from them. They had demanded that the Palestinian panel include no one from the PLO. But what exactly did that mean? The PLO is prohibited in the territories. Palestinians who live there can't belong to it in the sense that an American can belong to the Boy Scouts or the Kiwanis Club. Nonetheless, the overwhelming majority of Palestinians in the territories consider themselves PLO supporters, including all four panelists I had booked. One of them, Haidar Abdul-Shaafi, was even among the PLO's founders (he served as the chairman of the Palestinian delegation to the Madrid conference). Would he be considered unacceptable to the Israelis? Would the others? And if so, how would we pull together a panel of Palestinians that was both acceptable to the Israelis and credible among the Palestinians?

I left an elaborate message for Rick, then went to bed. An hour later he returned my call and said: "No barbed wire. No walls. This is a benign stage. Got it?" Click.

Later that morning I was sitting in a cab on my way to the office and did what comes naturally in Jerusalem. I prayed. As I entered our workplace, I ran into Rick. "How're we doing with the Palestinians?" he asked.

"In the past forty-eight hours I've put together four panels and they've all collapsed ..."—my voice was breaking—"... and I don't know what I'll do if this one doesn't hold." Rick put his hand on my shoulder and said gently, "So what is it going to take to get them on the program?"

"A wall."

"What kind of a wall?"

"A little teeny one."

"OK, so we'll give them a wall."

He summoned our director and set designer to discuss the wall's specifications. By mid-afternoon the wall, which actually looked more like a fence, was ready for the panelists' inspection. They found it acceptable, and sixteen hours before airtime, I finally had my panel. The discussions turned out to be well worth the trouble, but, unlike James Baker, my job was over once each side took its place at the table. In the months ahead, the secretary of state may also discover he has to build a wall to break down a few barriers. If so, he should call me. I can get him a used one cheap.

GIL PIMENTEL, a former producer for ABC's "Nightline," is a fellow of the Alexander von Humboldt Foundation.

The latest Balkan ugliness.

CROATIANISM

By Robert D. Kaplan

Croatia, which impinges on Italy and is only a few hours by train from Vienna, has been the site of the first sustained combat in the heart of Europe since 1945. This particular war, in which Catholic Croats and Orthodox Serbs are battling with tanks, fighter jets, and rifle butts over border enclaves, is so pitched with obscure emotions, and so seemingly void of a governing logic, that it has become opaque to us, almost unreal. However, a document has recently come to light that offers a rare, surgeon's-eye view into the thought processes of the combatants.

In 1988 Croatia's current president, Franjo Tudjman, published a book, republished in 1989 and again in 1990, called *Bespuca—Povjesne Zbiljnosti* ("Wastelands—Historical Truth"), in which he gives a detailed analysis of the Nazi Holocaust. Tudjman's primary concern is not the fate of the Jews but the role of the Croats in the mass murder of Serbs. Yet the route his mind travels on the way to his destination is telling: "The estimated loss of up to 6 million dead is founded too much on both emotional, biased testimonies and on exaggerated data in the postwar reckonings of war crimes and squaring of accounts with the defeated ... in the mid-'80s, world Jewry still has the need to recall its 'holocaust' by trying to prevent the election of the former U.N. Secretary General Kurt Waldheim as president of Austria!"

Tudjman puts the word holocaust in quotations, since earlier in his text he explains how the word "reminds us" not only of "extermination," but also of the "self-immolation of the Jews in medieval and more recent history," as well as of "group cases of suicide" and "the cult of the victim." He intimates that the killing of Jews—however overblown—would not have occurred if the Nazi armies had prevailed in the Soviet Union, allowing for a "territorial solution" to the Jewish problem, such as a "reservation" in eastern Poland or in Madagascar.

Tudjman admits that Jews suffered "terrible hardships" in World War II. But "the Jewish people soon afterward became so brutal and conducted a genocidal policy toward the Palestinians that they can rightly be defined as Judeo-Nazis." He then asks: "What does this small historical step from Nazi-Fascism to Judeo-Nazism indicate?" It indicates that because of "the Judean origins" of Western civilization "as expressed by the biblical God Jehovah—genocidal violence is a natural phenomenon, in keeping with the human-social and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOD AND THE INTELLECTUALS

Among the well-educated the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted, unlettered, and irrational, that the price of salvation is checking your mind at the Pearly Gates. Yet, from Harvard to Berkeley, and among inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely the result of the failure of secular substitutes for religion (such as positivism, rationalism, hedonism, consumerism, technological utopianism, Freudianism, and Marxism) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: evil, goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

Contrary to stereotypes, this religious renaissance does not imply a retreat from working for peace, justice, and human dignity; nor does it signify a hostility to science, only an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with the sacred. Among other things, we scrutinize the religious dimensions of the great events and issues of the past and present, and probe the wisdom offered not only by the Bible and Church fathers, but also by such giants as St. Francis, Aquinas, Dante, Kierkegaard, Newman, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Niebuhr, Gandhi, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Merton, Schumacher, Thomas More, Dorothy Day, C.S. Lewis, Martin Luther King, Flannery O'Connor, Mother Teresa, and Archbishops Romero and Tutu.

An ecumenical monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively," by the *Los Angeles Times* as "influential," by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky," by *Utne Reader* as "surprisingly original," by *Library Journal* as "brilliant," and by Christopher Derrick, England's foremost Catholic apologist, as "by far the best Catholic magazine in the English-speaking world."

We publish Protestants, Catholics, Anglicans, Eastern Orthodox, Jews, and an occasional nonbeliever. Writers who've appeared in our pages include such diversely penetrating intellects as Robert Bellah, Christopher Lasch, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Daniel Bell, Robert Coles, Irving Howe, Walker Percy, Norman Lear, John Lukacs, J.M. Cameron, Henri Nouwen, Avery Dulles, Gordon Zahn, Will Campbell, Stanley Hauerwas, Richard Mouw, and Sheldon Vanauken. We bat around a wide variety of issues and defy easy ideological pigeonholing. We'll keep you on your toes!

Whether or not you're a Catholic, if you yearn for a sane, intelligent, and nonglitzy explor-

ation of the religious dimensions of our lives and our world, we invite you to get to know us.

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription. . . . . .$14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription . . . . . .$12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription . . . . .$23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year Canadian or foreign subscription . . . . US$17 (regularly $22) Payment must be drawn in US Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy. $3.50

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 152
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mythological-divine nature." Tudjman's jumbled word salad, weighted further by long footnotes, leads him into a diatribe against the Old Testament, which sets up the central point of his thesis: "The need to investigate in an objective way all the 'collection' and 'labor camps' and Jasenovac above all."

Jasenovac was a World War II concentration camp manned by the Croatian Ustashe in which Jews, Gypsies, and, more significantly, Serbs were murdered. For decades Serbs have maintained that "at least 700,000" people were killed at Jasenovac. Croats have long said the number was more like 60,000. The discrepancy between these two sums is as good a litmus test as any for the vastness of the psychological gulf separating Serbs from Croats. The few useful studies done on this matter indicate that roughly 500,000 Serbs and 200,000 Croats were killed during the war years. Of those 500,000 Serbs, it is thought that a minimum of 100,000 died at Jasenovac. The figure for Jewish and Gypsy deaths at the camp is assumed to be 20,000 and 30,000 respectively. Therefore, 150,000 deaths at Jasenovac represents the lowest respectable estimate. But for Tudjman, the figure of 60,000 given by Croat nationalists is still too high: he reckons no more than 40,000 inmates perished.

As he explains it, even the figure of 40,000 overstates Ustashe crimes, since the liquidation apparatus was largely controlled by Jews. Tudjman's principal source for this is the record of one inmate from Bosnia, who reports that the Ustashe placed its "confidence in the Jews" because "a Jew remains a Jew in the Jasenovac camp as well.... Selfishness, craftiness, unreliability, miserliness, underhandedness, and secrecy are their main characteristics." Tudjman admits that the Bosnian's judgment is "exaggerated." But he writes that "similar statements were made by other witnesses." He cites an account where the Jews supposedly participated in the liquidation of Gypsies at Jasenovac, in order to get their gold coins. Therefore, according to Tudjman, the mass murder of Serbs by Croats during World War II is not an issue, since not all that many Serbs were killed in the first place, and those who were slaughtered were mainly done in by the Jews. Case closed.

Tudjman is no ex-Ustashe officer. On the contrary, he fought the Ustashe as a general in Tito's guerrilla army. On a strictly personal level, he was an innocent, perhaps even a minor hero. This is not someone trying to justify a hidden past. Nor does it seem that the book was a calculated political act to win over Croat nationalists with fascist tendencies. More likely his feelings are genuine. It is because of this that Tudjman's book helps to explain a war that people in the West find so unfathomable.

Holocaust revisionism exists in the West, but only among the most hard-core anti-Semitic and academically marginal elements: kooks, that is. But Tudjman is the elected president of a new country. And though his rash leadership might have led Croatia into an avoidable war, he is by no means the most hard-line of Croatian politicians. In fact, Tudjman has repeatedly come under pressure from more extremist elements within his government for his willingness to negotiate with Serbian leaders.

The truth is, this book is well within the mainstream of ideas that have exploded upon the Balkans with the collapse of communism. Reading Tudjman's dense and inflated prose, I felt almost nostalgic: many evenings in Europe's least-known corner I have listened to similar arguments. Whether or not it was about Jews, the mental imagery was the same: a brew of rumor, conspiracies, and old wives' tales leavened with the odd fact or two. Even the subtitle, "historical truth," is common. I have a book in my library by the same name. It is a Titoist tirade against the Bulgarians. You can be sure that when the Serbian strongman Slobodan Milosevic bares his soul about the Croats it is no less callous than when Tudjman bares his about the Jews.

Tudjman, Milosevic, and everyone else in Yugoslavia are victims of history. For centuries their forebears lived in a state of poverty and illiteracy, where rumor filled the vacuum created by the absence of books and documentation. Then came four-and-a-half decades of Communist totalitarianism, when many, many books were published—all containing lies. The Serb-Croat war in Yugoslavia is the upshot of a few million minds, all collectively disoriented, and all finally granted free expression. Tudjman's is merely one among many.

ROBERT D. KAPLAN has completed a book on the Balkans.

The left-right smooch-in.

NEO-POLITICS

By Morton Kondracke

Last November budget director Richard Darman made derisive jokes about his gangly White House colleague Jim Pinkerton's concept of the "new paradigm," describing it as "neo-neoism." A year later it's still easy to laugh when Pinkerton rattles about the new paradigm as the political embodiment of cultural "postmodernism," saying that bureaucracy was the "old gesellschaft" that went with modernism, while today a "deep Jungian atavism" among young high techies for a clean environment, close family ties, and healthy communities is creating a "new gemeinschaft" that will require a "new gesellschaft." "The challenge," Pinkerton said recently, "is to ... apply a principled eclecticism in learning from the modern and pre-modern past to develop a new politics of the 1990s."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This can't go anywhere, right? Well, wrong. Pinkerton was speaking at a Washington conference jointly sponsored by the Reaganite-conservative Heritage Foundation and by the Progressive Policy Institute, the think tank of Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton's Democratic presidential campaign. Several hundred people attended for most of a day, and a couple of other speakers with more accessible delivery styles predicted that whichever party embraces the "new paradigm" first—and, if possible, renames it—will dominate American politics for the next generation.

Washington has a few NPists: Bush Cabinet members Jack Kemp and Lamar Alexander and Representatives Newt Gingrich and Vin Weber among the Republicans, and Senators Bill Bradley and Joe Lieberman and Representatives Rob Andrews, Tom Downey, and Dave McCurdy among the Democrats. But Congress, the executive branch, and both national parties are still very much "old paradigm"—dominated by powerful bureaucracies, costly programs, centralized direction, and detailed regulation. Washington ideological battles—and press stories about politics—are conducted in terms of "left" and "liberal" (meaning more funding for big government), "right" and "conservative" (meaning less), and "center" or "moderate" (meaning compromise, and often mush). NP types insist that they represent a fourth new way of thinking and governing that is emphatically not "moderate," but that the Washington press still doesn't get it. The NP movement has a presidential candidate, but it needs a congressional caucus that advances its ideas in legislative form. Some NP-inspired amendments do get passed, but no one recognizes them as such.

Out in the country, however, numerous new experiments are under way to (in author David Osborne's words) "reinvent government"—by replacing civil servants with private vendors, central direction with citizen choice and localized management, government funding with vouchers, and direct regulation with financial rewards and penalties. Part of the new paradigm also is to replace entitlements such as welfare, which create dependency, with a system that offers opportunity for education but demands that recipients eventually take responsibility for themselves and go to work.

As Osborne and others describe it, the movement is bipartisan and cross-ideological. For instance, education vouchers and school "choice" are usually identified as "conservative" ideas, but in Wisconsin state Representative Polly Williams, a black liberal Democrat, has pioneered a voucher plan to allow poor children to attend private schools and has won backing from Republican Governor Tommy Thompson. Liberal Democrat Rudy Perpich, as governor of Minnesota, instituted the first statewide school choice system in the country. The trend is gaining wide acceptance and with two sister ideas—school-based management and parental oversight—has achieved apparently dramatic educational results in some places, such as East Harlem.

In Chicago Mayor Richard M. Daley is partly dismantling the patronage empire erected by his father by privatizing services such as abandoned car removal and sewer cleaning. The outgoing director of the Chicago Housing Authority, Vince Lane, has achieved national fame for confiscating guns in housing projects and throwing out drug dealers (arousing the ire of both the NRA and the ACLU) and turning over management to tenant councils. In New York Andrew Cuomo, Mario's son, runs a private housing program that provides cleaner and safer shelter at two-thirds the price of the government's notorious welfare hotels. In Florida Democratic Governor Lawton Chiles is trying to reform radically the state's civil service system, making it easier to fire unnecessary or inefficient employees. In Arkansas Clinton has instituted policies whereby school dropouts lose their driver's licenses, parents are fined if they do not attend school conferences, and fathers of welfare dependents are pursued for child support. Various state and local efforts are under way to consolidate multiple poverty services in one place—the revived settlement house.

"New paradigm" politics is more than administrative tinkering. It has a history, albeit only ten or fifteen years' worth. It is acquiring an ideology, or at least a set of values and principles, and one of these days it may develop into a coherent political movement. The Heritage-PPI conference, labeled "Left and Right," was an exploration of the possibilities of convergence and cooperation among new "conservatives" and new "progressives." One measure of the difficulties ahead is that Heritage vetoed the idea of calling the conference "Beyond Left and Right" for fear of offending its right-wing supporters. Other measures are that NP Democrats instinctively disparage Ronald Reagan, while Republicans revere him; Republicans favor capital gains tax cuts and Democrats want a more progressive redistribution of tax burdens; and Democrats tend to like government, while Republicans think it's at best a necessary evil.

New paradigm Democrats are direct descendants of the so-called "Atari Democrats" and "neoliberals" of the late 1970s and early 1980s who began to see that the party's New Deal coalition, interest-group politics, and Great Society programs were losing relevance. Gary Hart and Richard Gephardt were early advocates of "new thinking," but neoliberalism has been unable to prevail in a party heavily influenced by public employee unions and recipients of government benefits. New thinkers and moderates fed up with quadrennial drubbing by the Republicans formed the Democratic Leadership Council, headed until recently by Clinton. The PPI is the DLC's research arm. The term "New Paradigm" comes from Thomas Kuhn's 1962 classic *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*. It was applied to government by Osborne in his 1988 book, *Laboratories of Democracy*. Pinkerton, adapting from Kuhn, used it first in February 1989.

New paradigm Republicans really are a new breed—mainly former Reaganites who have discovered that gov-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ernment is useful in addressing some social problems. Education Secretary Alexander, the former reformist governor of Tennessee, has George Bush's blessing in advancing "new paradigm" ideas. Kemp has less support in pushing expensive schemes for tenant ownership of public housing, and he is arousing the ire of White House chief of staff John Sununu for championing a tax-cutting "growth package" to fight the recession. Pinkerton, 33 years old, is especially isolated. He is deputy head of Bush's domestic policy staff, but his ideas are generally disregarded by his bosses (Vice President Dan Quayle is an exception), and even his allies consider him "pretentious" and some of his theoretics "fatuous" and "childish." On the other hand, translated into plain English, some of his thoughts make sense. There just may be a "postindustrial" sensibility that requires creation of new governmental and commercial systems.

This September, in a speech to the Illinois New Paradigm Society, Pinkerton said that America could not compete in the twenty-first century with "modern" government trying to manage "postmodern" society. He and other NPists claim that this disconnect is partly responsible for the popular rebellion against government, whether it takes the form of tax revolts, term limit fever, lagging voter participation, or David Duke.

So, what's "postmodern"? Pinkerton says, "Network TV is modern—you watch what they put on. Cable is postmodern—you have a choice. The postal service is modern. Faxing and electronic mailing are postmodern. Plastic surgery is modern. Staying out of the sun is postmodern.... Keeping the Dead Sea Scrolls secret for more than forty years is modern. Using a computer to reaggregate the concordance to re-engineer and then publish the text so that everyone can read it is postmodern." Pinkerton also thinks that "gay marriage is postmodern" because it combines the libertarian idea of open choice with the communitarian dedication to family-formation and fidelity. There is no convergence among conservative and liberal NPers on abortion—Pinkerton and most Democrats are pro-choice, but Kemp is not—but there is on family values. At the Heritage-PPI conference, both right and left speakers agreed that government ought to do all it can to reverse the trend whereby 50 percent of all children now spend some of their growing-up years living with just one parent.

Pinkerton carries around in his billfold a quote from Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan that "the central conservative truth is that culture, not politics, determines the success of a society. The central liberal truth is that politics can change a culture and save it from itself." Moynihan, who first recognized the link between family breakdown and poverty and who understood ahead of most everyone else that Great Society welfare programs had "unintended consequences," may have been the original "new paradigm" politician. But there are others now, even in Congress. Downey, for example, fought the liberal Children's Defense Fund on the issue of whether to create a huge federal child care bureaucracy, with parallel bureaucracies at the state level, or to give working-poor families an earned income tax credit to enable them to choose and buy their own child care, from a church if they wanted. Downey won. McCurdy fought with the administration and with the judiciary committees of both houses to win approval of a Police Corps, whereby students can get their college education paid for in return for four years' service walking beats. Almost all NPers in Congress favor the U.S.-Mexico Free Trade Agreement.

Where can all this go? If Pinkerton is right and there's a new sensibility at work in the country, it will inevitably prevail in one form or another. But it will prevail more swiftly and smoothly if the left NP and the right NP can cooperate and move "beyond." It will also help if the NP acquires a vocabulary that is accessible to ordinary Americans. NP may mean "choice" to the elites who promote it, but voters won't choose it unless they understand it. And "a new gesellschaft" is hardly the kind of language most Americans understand. •

Ignoring the Iraqi bomb.

BLIND EYE

By Mark Hosenball

Now that President Bush is threatening to bomb Iraq for continuing to develop nuclear weapons, maybe it's unseemly to point out how his own administration acquiesced in Iraq's nuclear program in the first place. But secret government documents that were recently declassified show how extensive that acquiescence was. Several years ago lower- and mid-level U.S. intelligence and export control bureaucrats began tracing a sinister pattern of Iraqi nuclear acquisitions in the United States and Europe. Yet when they tried to alert members of the Bush Cabinet, they were blocked by queasy superiors. What's more, officials who tried to raise the early alarm were punished for their temerity, and those who brushed off the warnings were rewarded.

The Department of Energy, where much of this drama played out, is the agency with principal responsibility for the design, manufacture, and control of U.S. nuclear weapons. It's also supposed to play a role in defense and foreign policy, helping to keep tabs, among other things, on the nuclear aspirations of tyrants like Saddam. To clear up a management mess and bolster morale, President Bush installed as energy secretary James Watkins, a former admiral with a reputation for sensitivity and common sense. But even under Watkins's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nobody Brews the News Like

Weekdays from 6:00–10:00 a.m. on

For membership information, call 202-885-1030
A service of The American University

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stewardship, the department's top leadership at best appears to have displayed a lack of confidence in its handling of intelligence about Iraq's nuclear program. At worst, there was dereliction of duty.

Some of the most reliable intelligence about a country's nuclear intentions comes from what nuclear bomb parts it has on its shopping list. By the mid-1980s Iraq's list was hardly a secret to the U.S. government. Commerce Department documents show that the Iraqis were openly soliciting American companies for nuclear equipment that could be put to military use. The government learned about some Iraqi solicitations directly: American nuclear suppliers applied to the Commerce Department for export licenses, and government computer printouts indicate that from at least 1985 on, Energy Department analysts considered some of these shipments suspect. That year, at the Energy Department's recommendation, Commerce rejected at least four export licenses involving the shipment of American matériel to the Iraqi atomic agency. One rejected application, submitted by Teledyne Wah Chang, a metals manufacturer, involved zirconium rods, used in nuclear reactors. At least three other export applications involving a company called EG&G, which makes parts for nuclear bomb triggers, were rejected on Energy Department advice between 1988 and 1990.

Yet the effectiveness of even these limited moves to block obvious American exports to Iraq's nuclear program is debatable. Intelligence officials today say many of Iraq's most sensitive nuclear acquisitions were made through front companies either in the West or in Iraq. Several organizations now known to have been fronts for the Iraqi nuclear program figure prominently on the list of purchasers whose American export permits were approved. In many cases, according to its confidential files, the Commerce Department never bothered to run these applications past nuclear weapons experts at the Energy Department, though other less specialized analysts at the Pentagon and State Department were sometimes consulted.

Eventually, though, analysts in the Energy Department's small export control office became anxious. Accumulating evidence of Iraq's determined effort to acquire nuclear weapon components from export license applications was bolstered by reports from intelligence agencies such as the NSA and the CIA, which were monitoring German shipments of uranium enrichment technology to Iraq, and law enforcement agencies such as Customs, whose officials were trying to arrest international arms smugglers.

Beginning in 1988 the Energy Department analysts noted that the Iraqis seemed to have launched a particularly intense effort to acquire the sophisticated devices necessary to detonate a nuclear bomb. In October 1988, according to a still-confidential government chronology, a Dr. H. Kadim of the Ministry of Higher Education in Baghdad placed an order with a company called Maxwell Laboratories for what U.S. government analysts considered "weapons-grade" capacitors used in atom bomb detonation. The following April, Kadim contacted the British office of a California-based company called Reynolds Industries to ask for a price quotation on sixty high-tech "spark gaps," another critical component of a nuclear bomb trigger.

By this time the Energy Department's export specialists were seriously concerned that Iraq was conducting "a broadly based, sophisticated nuclear weapons effort." That is a quote from testimony given last April by A. Bryan Siebert, once the Energy Department's top export control officer, at a closed hearing of a House oversight subcommittee headed by John Dingell, a longtime Energy Department nemesis. According to Siebert's written testimony, he concluded the evidence was so alarming that Secretary Watkins should rapidly be briefed. Several draft briefing papers, declassified recently with major deletions, were drawn up by Siebert. Undated, but attached to supporting material dating from April and May 1989, one paper noted that "manufacture of Iraqi nuclear weapons would further destabilize the Middle East and multiply the chances for a nuclear event.... Should Iraq successfully procure such items in the U.S., it would embarrass the U.S. government, as well as injure U.S. non-proliferation objectives." Other drafts, with similar conclusions, included the recommendation that Watkins "contact Secretary Baker to discuss a high level inter-governmental review, under National Security Council auspices to determine options and recommendations."

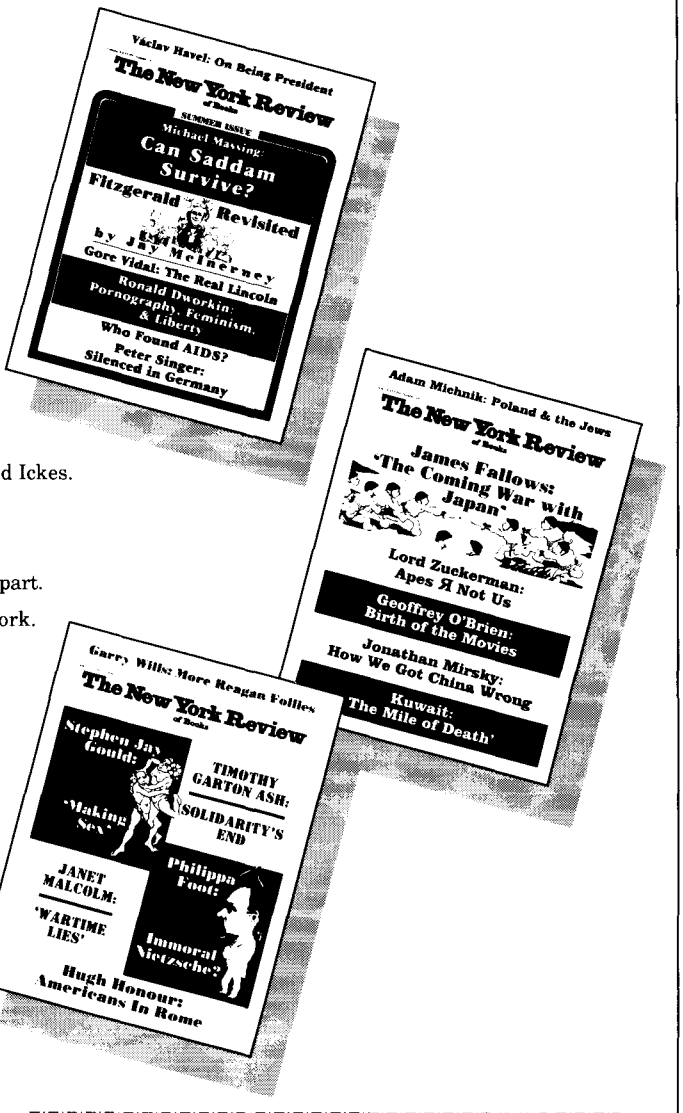
In hindsight these recommendation sound, if anything, mild. But according to Siebert's testimony, when he tried to send them to Watkins through Energy Department channels, he was blocked by the department's top intelligence official, Robert J. Walsh. According to Siebert, "The intelligence office did not believe that the information they or we had justified escalating the matter within DOE." A declassified but bowdlerized memorandum from the department's intelligence chief states his rationale for blocking Siebert's proposal in somewhat fragmentary terms: "While we strongly support the concern expressed in Mr. Siebert's recommendation we would suggest that another approach be considered [several sentences deleted].... It may well be worthwhile to apply DOE resources to concentrate on the Iraq issue and we are interested in supporting such a venture. However, we are uncomfortable with a secretarial level initiative, at this time...."

But according to a briefing paper prepared by congressional investigators, the Energy officials who blocked Siebert never made special efforts to check out his analysis. Moreover, what little information about Iraqi nuclear activities the intelligence staff did feed to Watkins never included a recommendation for urgent action. The understated conclusion of Dingell's staff was that "an opportunity for triggering DOE and U.S. government action was missed."

The contretemps between alarmed export control and complacent intelligence officials of the Energy Department was quickly followed by a further blunder

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whatever view you subscribe to, subscribe to The New York Review



In every issue of *The New York Review of Books* you'll find tremendous variety and intellectual excitement. Every other week the world's best writers and scholars address themselves to more than 130,000 readers who represent something important in America... people who know that the widest range of subjects—literature, politics, science, history, music, art, education—will be discussed with wit, clarity, and brilliance. And each issue contains the witty and wicked caricatures of David Levine.

Here's what readers of *The New York Review of Books* have enjoyed in recent issues:

JOHN SEARLE on the "Battle over the University."

FREDERICK CREWS on the strange fate of William Faulkner.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR. on FDR's favorite maverick, Harold Ickes.

TATYANA TOLSTAYA on the deeply ingrained terror in Soviet life.

JAMES FENTON on Salman Rushdie's conversion.

TIMOTHY GARTON ASH on how Poland's Solidarity has broken apart.

JOAN DIDION on the Central Park jogger and the decline of New York.

ROGER PENROSE on the quantum, science's "biggest enigma."

ISAIAH BERLIN on Joseph de Maistre and the origins of fascism.

SAMIR AL-KHALIL on Iraq and its future.

OLIVER SACKS on blindness.

GARRY WILLS on the secret life of Charles Dickens.

JAMES FALLOWS on Japan's economic challenge to the West.

ELIZABETH HARDWICK on Henry James in New York.

VÁCLAV HAVEL on Kafka.

V. S. NAIPAUL on intellectual tyranny.

ALFRED BRENDEL on the conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler.

JOHN UPDIKE on the German artist Caspar David Friedrich.

...and so much more in issue after issue.

Now... a Full Year's Subscription (21 issues) at a significant saving off the Regular Rate PLUS an Exciting Bonus AND a No-Risk Guarantee. You'll receive:

21 ISSUES at the special money-saving rate of $19.95 (a phenomenal saving of almost 50 percent off the regular subscription rate).

A MIDDLE EAST READER, a handsome paperback collection of *New York Review* articles that will provide a better understanding of the explosive politics in the Middle East and the role taken by the United States. Contributors include Samir al-Khalil, Bernard Lewis, Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg, and Avishai Margalit. It is yours as our gift to you.

RISK-FREE GUARANTEE: a full refund of the subscription fee is guaranteed at any time during the year—but you keep all issues and *A Middle East Reader*.

So subscribe now to *The New York Review of Books*, the journal where the liveliest intelligence, insight, and wit are brought to bear on today's most significant issues in books, politics, and the arts.

The New York Review of Books

Subscriber Service Dept., PO Box 420380, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0380

YES, you may enter my subscription to *The New York Review of Books* for a full year (21 issues) at the special rate of $19.95, a saving of almost 50% off the regular subscription rate. I will also receive *A Middle East Reader* at no extra charge. (Note: I understand this low rate will only apply for my first full year's subscription.)

Name_____

Address_____

City/State _____ Zip_____

❑ $19.95 enclosed* ❑ Send Bill Charge my ❑ Am Ex ❑ MasterCard ❑ Visa

Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature_____

A1LNRX

*Payment accepted for checks in US Dollars drawn on American banks only. Full refund guaranteed. Offer good for new subscribers in the US only. Please allow six to eight weeks for receipt of your first copy. May not be used for gift subscriptions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by both the Energy Department and the Pentagon. Over Labor Day weekend in 1989, the three nuclear weapons labs bankrolled by the Energy Department (Livermore, Los Alamos, and Sandia), along with several military labs, sponsored the ninth in a series of quadrennial international scientific conferences on explosives. Though all of the papers presented at the Portland, Oregon, conference were unclassified and many concerned information useful in industry or conventional weapons, some of the information exchanged clearly related to atomic weapons. In an internal memo last December, the head of the Energy Department's bomb-making division, Assistant Secretary Richard Claytor, acknowledged that the Portland conference "was the place to be if you were a potential nuclear weapons proliferant."

Among the hundreds of top weapons scientists attending the conference were three Iraqis from the Al-Qaqaa State Establishment, now known to have been part of Saddam's nuclear research network. While at the conference, one of the Iraqis stopped by a display booth set up by Reynolds Industries, which sells detonator parts to the Energy Department's nuclear bomb program, and filled out a card asking to be put on the company's mailing list. The Iraqi gave as his address "Al-Qaqaa State Estbt. [sic], PO Box 5134, Baghdad." When I asked Milton Finger, a senior official at the Livermore Lab who attended the Portland conference, why Iraqis had been invited, he laughed nervously and noted that "Iraq was a friend at one point." (Although maintaining that its sponsorship of the 1989 seminar was entirely proper, the Energy Department recently disclosed that it was withdrawing its support for a tenth international detonation symposium scheduled for Boston in 1993.)

In April 1990 senior Bush administration officials were finally forced to take notice of the evidence their own bureaucrats had been accumulating about the Iraqi nuclear drive when a "sting" operation staged by U.S. Customs resulted in the well-publicized arrests of a British-based network of Iraqis, who, at the direction of the Al-Qaqaa State Establishment in Baghdad, had been placing ever larger and more suspicious orders with American manufacturers for nuclear bomb trigger parts. Confidential government documents show that the Energy Department's export control office had been monitoring the activities of this particular Iraqi network since at least 1988 and took this intelligence into account when launching its abortive effort to devise a tougher policy toward the Iraqis in 1989.

Though the Bush administration touted the sting operation as a major crackdown on the Iraqis, officials with inside knowledge say the undercover operation was brought to fruition primarily as a result of pressure from then British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. After Farzad Bazoft, an Iranian-born journalist working for *The London Observer*, was arrested in Baghdad while investigating an explosion at a military base, Thatcher put out the word to American and British law enforcement agencies that the timely exposure of a few Iraqi agents could be helpful; their arrests might help forestall the death sentence Saddam imposed on Bazoft. Unfortunately for Bazoft, U.S. Customs could not spring the trap on its Iraqi quarry until several days after Bazoft was hanged. Even after the hanging and the "sting" arrests, some in the administration were still willing to give Iraq the benefit of the doubt. The Commerce Department was still promoting the sale of American-made high-technology furnaces to Baghdad only days before Saddam invaded Kuwait, even though the furnace manufacturers, a New Jersey manufacturer called Consarc, told authorities the furnaces had "nuclear" applications.

Meanwhile, evidence obtained earlier this year by Dingell's staff indicates that top Energy Department officials appear to have learned little from their mishandling of intelligence about Iraqi nuclear acquisitions. According to an unpublished congressional memo from Dingell to members of his oversight subcommittee, last April Siebert was stripped of his responsibility for export control decisions as a result of a departmental "reorganization." Siebert's superiors also gave him a second-rate efficiency rating and ordered him to give a similar rating to his principal deputy, who had supported Siebert's effort to sound the alarm on Iraq. An Energy Department intelligence official, William Emel, who against the advice of his superiors had supported Siebert's initiative, left the Energy Department to work for a private contractor. What's more, Robert Walsh, the Energy Department intelligence chief who blocked Siebert from alerting Watkins and Secretary of State James Baker, was given the highest performance rating, and under a departmental reorganization he was made Siebert's new supervisor, according to Dingell's investigators.

It is debatable whether the Bush administration has learned anything from this experience with missed signals about Iraq. Intelligence officials say that information has been flowing in recently about threatening new nuclear activity in the Middle East. Reports now under close study by Pentagon and other government analysts indicate that China and North Korea, which are both desperate for hard currency, are eagerly trying to peddle their nuclear wares to some of the world's least attractive regimes. One customer is said to be Hafez Assad's Syria. Another is Iran. Intelligence officials passed several warnings to Baker as he shuttled around the Middle East lining up participants for the peace conference. Evidence is also accumulating that senior members of Jordanian King Hussein's inner circle have been involved in attempts to smuggle weapons technology out of the United States and other Western countries. So far, to the frustration of the people with the evidence before them, Baker and other top officials just don't want to listen.

MARK HOSENBALL is a producer at NBC News.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HAZARDS OF DUKE

By John Maginnis

David Duke chats with supporters and reporters on the oak-shaded lawn of the antebellum courthouse in Clinton, Louisiana. This is not a rally but a handshaking stop of rural parishes during the primary campaign. Aside from the gap-toothed biker with the long beard and the intense, thin-mustached gentleman with the American flag on his sleeve, Duke's supporters appear to be the conservative, small-town, working-class citizens who generally attend his rallies. Then, as Duke speaks, a middle-aged woman in a turquoise dress whispers: "Well, he certainly is the most handsome candidate." When Duke turns to enter the courthouse, she approaches and extends her hand, drawling, "Why, yes, Captain Butler, I remember you." She takes a ring from her finger and presses it into his hand. "I want to make a contribution to your campaign. This is worth about $100." The woman turns and sashays off, and Duke, after staring dumbfounded at the ring for a second, rushes after her. "Ma'am, ma'am, I don't think the Campaign Finance Law will allow me to accept this. Now if you'd like to write a check to the campaign . . . "

In his unsuccessful bid for re-election this year, Louisiana Governor Buddy Roemer relied heavily on television commercials that bore the tag line: "We can't turn back the clock." He had it all wrong. In this state the past, whether in the form of Rhett Butler or otherwise, is always near at hand. Louisiana's clock, which never kept good time to start with, broke sometime in the 1980s when the oil money dwindled and the excessive, corrupt hayride it fueled crashed and burned. The current gubernatorial runoff between David Duke and Edwin Edwards centers not on shaping the future but on digging up the past in search of, if nothing else, someone to blame.

Both lay claim to Huey Long's ghost. The flamboyant, silver-tongued Edwards expanded on Long's vision of spending free-flowing oil revenues on social services for the poor and on lucrative state contracts and patronage to his friends. The oil-bust depression and two subsequent federal trials, however, (including testimony that Edwards paid off Las Vegas collectors with $500,000 in cash stuffed in suitcases) alienated Edwards from the white, working-class end of his base. Until then he'd admitted—even joked about—his gambling and womanizing. But after the trials, the stigma of the high roller and competent crook remained, even though Edwards was eventually acquitted of all charges.

In 1987 many of those white, rural Democrats—who had supported Edwards and whose parents had supported Long—turned to the angry agenda of Harvard-educated Representative Buddy Roemer, a former political consultant from rural northwest Louisiana, to cure the excess and corruption of government grown too big. "I love Louisiana," he told campaign audiences, "but I hate Louisiana politics." Like George Bush, Roemer ran from the right but then tried to move his Reaganite revolution to the center to find the real solutions to Louisiana's massive problems. Unlike Bush, the self-absorbed Roemer lacked the people-skills and common sense to hold the center and the right. After the legislature dealt him some bruising setbacks and his second wife left him, Roemer turned to the self-help readings of Robert Fulghum and emerged less interested in the chase of politics. Gone was the zealous, butt-kicking, maverick campaigner. Gone also was his appeal to Huey's old populist flock. Buddy let go of the reins of anger that drove his revolution, and David Duke was there to seize them.

When Duke ran for state representative in 1989, he exchanged his white power spiel for more moderate Reaganism, laced with concern for "our Christian European heritage." He broadened the Reagan brand of conservative populism to include opposition to free trade, especially the recent trade agreement with Mexico. Though a conservative, Duke appeals to many of the children and grandchildren of Long's old populist constituency. Except that today the scapegoats have changed: the rich man is replaced by the welfare cheat, big business by big government. When he announced for governor, Duke said, "I'm a populist like Huey Long. But we need a Huey in reverse, someone from outside the system to bring it back under control."

Duke spent the summer in the countryside, away from the media centers, retracing his steps from his 1990 Senate campaign. His rallies and barbecues attracted big crowds in burgs most statewide candidates never saw: Goldanna, Marthaville, Vivian, Bordelonville, Holly Beach. By the time Roemer made one of his first cam-

JOHN MAGINNIS, author of a book about Edwin Edwards, *The Last Hayride* (Gris Gris Press, 1984), is writing a book about the 1991 Louisiana election.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paign stops, at the Pickin' and Ginnin' Festival in the cotton town of Rayville, Duke was there to greet him.

"Welcome to Duke Country, governor."

"Thanks, Dave, I thought this was Louisiana."

"Louisiana is Duke Country, governor."

A photographer asked for a picture and captured their frozen smiles. Over the photographer's shoulder, Roemer could see what Duke was talking about. One out of four festival-goers clogging the main drag wore blue Duke stickers or carried Duke placards. The governor walked down the street shaking hands on his way to a meeting with business supporters at the local bank. Duke stood by his campaign booth and the people flocked to him, treating him more like a celebrity than a candidate. "I like what you stand for," said a young woman with Duke-stickered children in tow. "We're all for you down at the gin," said the sunburned cotton farmer.

By fall the rallies moved to the cities and grew larger and more middle class, as computer programmers and nurses joined the ranks of welders and waitresses. "Duke's vote didn't surge in the end," said unsuccessful gubernatorial candidate Sam Jones. "It surfaced." Though it didn't show up in the opinion polls, the Duke vote was there all along, as it was in 1990 when he received 43.5 percent of the vote against U.S. Senator J. Bennett Johnston. Then his showing was attributed to his supporters' fears of unemployment and resentment against federal welfare and affirmative action programs. Voting for Duke was seen as sending the strongest possible message to Washington. Political analysts doubted the same issues would play in the race for governor, with its executive responsibility for a $9 billion budget and management of 75,000 employees.

But by the summer of 1991 Duke's heated rhetoric began filling the vacuum on the right created by the idling Roemer. Duke pushes the same buttons Ronald Reagan did, just as expertly. Like Reagan, he understands the power of the anecdote that oversimplifies a problem and foils any attempt to put it in proportion. Never mind that food stamps is a federal program and that Louisiana's share of welfare payments is one of the stingiest in the nation. Or that Governor Roemer passed a strong workfare bill (and that Representative Duke voted against it). When Duke talks about "people on food stamps who buy hamburger while you're buying Hamburger Helper and then use their welfare checks to buy alcohol or lottery tickets," the crowds roar their affirmation. As with any anecdote, the sympathetic listener only has to have seen the same thing once to accept the generalization. With Louisiana's high minority population, the races live shoulder to shoulder, and that proximity does not always foster understanding.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Duke's claims went unanswered because Roemer, far ahead of Duke in the polls until the very end, did not want to acknowledge the challenger's issues—Reagan's issues. Duke made the most of his free ride. At every stop he resurrected the retired schoolteacher living on a $378-a-month pension "who can't afford to turn on her air-conditioner while prisoners—murderers and rapists—have central air, heat, and color TV."

There is no outDuking Duke. When Roemer aired a television commercial boasting of executing five convicted murderers, Duke countered: "The problem is there have been over 2,000 murders in the last four years and that won't go down until we start executing more than five." And the story that always provokes a cheer or a chill, depending on the listener: Duke tells of a constituent who was accosted by thugs in her Metairie shop. By the time the police answered her 911 call, says Duke, the intruders were beating her with the telephone receiver. "The officers grabbed them and threw them against the wall and said, 'Are you guys crazy? Don't you know this is David Duke's district?' Ladies and gentlemen, won't it be great when every law enforcement officer in Louisiana can say the same thing?"

Duke's bond with his audiences immunizes him against his past. Ask a supporter about Duke's Klan and Nazi activities and the typical response is: "Everyone has a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC POLICY BULLETIN BOARD℠

Recent Books and Reports from the Nation's Think Tanks and Advocacy Groups

WATER ENVIRONMENT FEDERATION WATER QUALITY 2000

Challenges for the Future, Water Quality 2000—Interim Report. Consensus document prepared by more than 150 water quality experts from Water Environment Federation (formerly Water Pollution Control Federation) and 80 other organizations. Presents comprehensive overview of current conditions, sources of impairment, root causes of water quality problems, and impediments to improving water quality. 95 pp. $23.75. Call M. Molano, 703-684-2400.

JERUSALEM CENTER FOR PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Two Peoples... One Land: Federal Solutions for Israel, the Palestinians, and Jordan. Daniel J. Elazar presents 11 options combining self-rule and shared rule to share the land while securing polities for both peoples. 216 pp., $15. 215-787-1459.

JOINT CENTER FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC STUDIES

Poverty, Inequality, and the Crisis of Social Policy, by Katherine McFate. Summarizes the findings of a two-year cross-national study of First World poverty, comparing the U.S. to Canada and European democracies. Documents rising incidence and severity of U.S. poverty and explores effects of government responses. 40 pp., $6. 202-626-3586.

FOUNDATION FOR PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Public Interest Profiles 1992-1993. Profiles of 250 leading public policy groups, ranging from smaller, single-cause organizations to broad coalitions. Published by Congressional Quarterly Books. Cloth. 988 pp. 0-87187-583-4. $159. 1-800-543-7793.

UNION OF CONCERNED SCIENTISTS

America's Energy Choices: Investing in a Strong Economy and a Clean Environment. A comprehensive analysis of the costs, benefits, and environmental impacts of four possible energy paths for the U.S. by UCS, NRDC, Alliance to Save Energy, and American Council for an Energy-Efficient Economy. Report $15, Appendices $25. 617-547-5552.

RESOURCES FOR THE FUTURE

America's Renewable Resources: Historical Trends and Current Challenges, edited by Kenneth D. Frederick and Roger A. Sedjo. Traces America's use and management of its renewable natural resources from the colonial era to the present in order to assess the future adequacy of these resources. In chapters on water, forests, rangeland, cropland and soils, wildlife, and outdoor recreation, six prominent scholars examine the effects of changes in demand, technologies, policies, and institutions to point the way to the sustainable management of the nation's physical heritage. 296 pp. (8x10), 78 photos, 45 tables, bibliographies, index, $34.95 cloth/$19.95 paper. Send prepaid order, including $3.00 for postage and handling, to RFF-Box 4852, Hampden Station, Baltimore, MD 21211 (credit-card orders, call 410-516-6955). Maryland residents add 5% sales tax to order.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE TO PRESERVE SOCIAL SECURITY AND MEDICARE

Myths and Facts about the Social Security Notch Straightforward description of the most controversial Social Security benefit issue of the last decade. Based on the Social Security Administration's own estimates of the impact and cost of the legislation co-sponsored by a majority of the Members of the 102nd Congress. Free 8 pp. pamphlet. Call 202-822-9459.

THE PUBLIC POLICY BULLETIN BOARD℠ IS AN ADVERTISING SERVICE OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

past." A pipeline engineer says, "There are things in my past that I'm not proud of." A retired veteran from rural north Louisiana is not bothered by Duke's Klan membership: "Years ago my father and my grandfather all belonged to secret organizations. The KKK was just one of them." An LSU student at a Duke rally in Baton Rouge says, "I'm a Christian and I believe you can change. Three years ago I was lost on alcohol and drugs and I've changed. I think David has changed too." A man along the Rice Festival parade route in Edwards's Cajun hometown of Crowley says, "There are too many people looking at him. If they could prove he was a Nazi, which I doubt, they would have done it by now."

By late in the primary campaign, the more that recent anti-Semitic statements were attributed to Duke, the greater the resentment built against the messenger, the press. "The press never mentions David without calling him a Ku Klux Klan wizard and a Nazi in the first sentence," said a New Orleans woman. "They don't say Edwards was indicted every time they mention him." In a way the local and national press coverage of Duke's past, the documentation of his Klan and Nazi activities, even the condemnation by President George Bush, seem to strengthen the bonds between Duke and his followers. When Duke is attacked, they feel they are being attacked. "He said he's sorry. What more do you want?" said a mechanic in the southwestern town of DeRidder. Also, Louisianans, accustomed to being disparaged for their laissez-faire politics, show wider tolerance for roguish mavericks, from the eighteenth-century pirate Jean Lafitte to modern-day pirates Huey Long and Edwin Edwards. David Duke, the Most Politically Incorrect Man in America, qualifies for that club.

Duke's past obviously does not bother the 491,000 voters who backed him in the open primary, just 32,000 fewer than the front-runner, Edwards. But what of the

'NOTA' bene

The day after it became clear that David Duke and Edwin Edwards would be competing in a runoff election on November 16 for Louisiana governor, an obviously distressed John Sununu left the White House muttering that he wished voters "could vote for None of the Above in that race." He isn't the only one. According to a Mason-Dixon Opinion Research Poll, 66 percent of Louisiana voters wish the state had a None of the Above line on its ballot. In a hypothetical runoff election against Duke and Edwards, NOTA finished with 30 percent of the vote.

Millions of Americans are tired of entering polling booths and having to choose the "lesser of two evils." Last year, in one out of five House districts they didn't even have that choice. Incumbents in those elections faced no major-party competition. It's time to take a lesson from new election laws in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe and give people a veto power at the ballot box: allow them to vote for None of the Above.

The election mechanics would be surprisingly simple. Let's say voters find both major candidates peculiarly repulsive. If a plurality or majority of votes are cast for NOTA, the candidates who lost to it would be disqualified from a special election held to fill the vacancy. New candidates would have to appear on the ballot. Many states hold special elections quickly, and if NOTA won, say, a congressional race, it shouldn't be difficult to hold a new election in time for the seating of a new Congress in January. If people think that allowing a vote for NOTA casts the election in too negative a light, the ballot line could instead read: "In Favor of a New Election."

Voters in races other than the Hobson's choice in Louisiana might see this as a godsend. They've already got the hang of it in the former Soviet Union and Eastern bloc, where voters have been able to cross off the names of candidates they rejected—every name if they wished. In 1989 this allowed voters to defeat even unopposed Communist incumbents, such as the Polish prime minister, because they didn't get the required absolute majority, or because less than half the voters voted. In the Soviet Union new elections with new candidates had to be held in 200 out of 1,500 races for the Congress of People's Deputies.

In the United States, a form of NOTA has been used by many states for judicial elections: sitting judges must win confirmation from voters in an up-or-down referendum. The vast majority of judges win confirmation, but they can lose if voters believe they are making the laws rather than merely applying them (California's Rose Bird is the classic example). Nevada put a non-binding None of the Above option on its ballots in 1976, and it won a GOP congressional primary. In 1990 it came in second in both primaries for governor. Don Mello, a former state legislator who wrote the law providing the ballot option, says that if NOTA wins, the candidate who finishes second is humiliated. Mello says a significant NOTA vote "forces the winner to undergo a reality check, and if he was falling down on the job he usually walks the straight and narrow after that."

Political scientists are intrigued by the idea of offering voters the option of NOTA. Curtis Gans, head of the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate, favors it. So does Seymour Martin Lipset, the noted political scholar at Stanford's Hoover Institution. He says NOTA would be an American version of the "no confidence" vote that has often brought down parliamentary governments in Europe. Giving voters the power to veto candidates would help combat the extraordinary power of incumbents. For these reasons, NOTA has been endorsed by the *Nation*, *The Boston Globe*, and Ralph Nader on the left, and, on the right, my own newspaper, *The Wall Street Journal*, which editorialized in its favor a year ago. John McClaughry, a maverick Republican state senator in Vermont, has introduced a bill that would create a NOTA line on the state's ballot.

NOTA isn't a complete answer to the ills of the political system. Try campaign finance reform. But unlike term limits, it doesn't limit democracy, it expands it. And in those nightmare elections such as Louisiana's, it could give voters a real, if as yet mysterious, alternative to the likes of Edwards and Duke.

JOHN H. FUND

JOHN H. FUND is an editorial writer at *The Wall Street Journal*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

410,000 Roemer voters and the 130,000 for the other candidates? For the most part Roemer voters are college-educated city-dwellers who generally abhor Duke's past more than they do his current conservative views. But Duke has an antidote: Edwards's past and the hard-core "anyone-but-Edwin" vote. In 1983 many current Roemer voters were part of Edwards's 64 percent majority against Republican incumbent Dave Treen. Yet shortly after Edwards took office, unpopular tax increases and the federal indictments, combined with the disintegrating economy, turned those middle-class voters hard against him. "I'll cut off my right arm before I vote for him again," said a Baton Rouge dentist. Now the dentist has a problem.

Edwin Edwards started the day after the primary to fashion this most unlikely winning coalition. After he promised not to scrap Roemer's major reforms, the state's major newspapers and business leaders recognized little choice but to endorse their old nemesis Edwards. So did environmentalists, moderate Republicans, and women's groups once loyal to Roemer. Even Roemer, in his characteristic tortured style, said he could vote for, though not endorse, Edwards. Jewish businessmen began the morning after the primary raising hundreds of thousands of dollars in Louisiana and around the country. Maurice "Hippo" Katz of New Orleans declared: "David Duke thinks he hates Jews now. Wait till we're finished with him." Edwards is basking in the establishment's embrace and promises to make the best of "this great opportunity" not only to pull the state together but "to prove to you that I can be a great governor." At 64, he says he has "matured" and learned from his mistakes.

But many of the conservative voters who will decide this campaign remain convinced that Edwards is more competent than sincere. "As I see it, if Duke wins he'll only last four years and won't get anything done," says a Baton Rouge homemaker and Roemer voter. "If Edwards gets in, he's in for eight and it will take years after that to get out of the hole he put us in." For cynical voters, Duke at his worst will be merely ineffective, while Edwards at his worst will be all too effective.

Business leaders are warning that Duke's election would mean economic devastation for a state struggling out of bad times. Several large associations have informed New Orleans tourism officials that they will pull their big national conventions from the city if Duke is elected. Some industrialists say Louisiana would be all but redlined from future plant expansions. That argument will be pounded home by election day, but perhaps with mixed results. Convention tourism is principally a New Orleans industry, and the effects of that and concern for the city do not travel far upriver. Most other state industries are based on natural resources—and are not easily moved. Beyond that, employers fear they carry little influence with their workers' votes, many of whom cheer Duke's opposition to affirmative action. Finally, the more dire the economic warning, the more likely that workers will feel they are being dared to vote for Duke. Never dare the voter.

Edwards says he will not make the mistake of directly attacking Duke and his past, though third-party groups are coming out with ads exposing Duke's false claims of military service and his anti-Semitic statements, including his stated beliefs that the gas chambers of the Holocaust actually were used for delousing. One group, the Coalition Against Racism and Nazism, ran a full-page ad in the *New Orleans Times Picayune* showing before-and-after plastic surgery photos of Duke below the headline: SOME CHANGE IS ONLY SKIN DEEP. The paper's profile of Duke recounted some of the more bizarre incidents from his past, including his alleged involvement in a plot to send mercenaries to overthrow the government of the island of Dominica (Duke later took the Fifth Amendment before a federal grand jury); his celebration, according to friends, of Hitler's birthday until recently; and his authorship, under pen names, of an urban guerrilla manual for black militants and of a soft-porn sex manual for women. But even this help from the press and others leaves Edwards, the veteran attack campaigner, with a problem: he can't attack Duke's record in government because he hardly has one; and he can't attack Duke's positions on issues because they are Reagan's issues, and thus fairly popular with the swing Roemer voter.

Duke has no such problem. He immediately opened up on Edwards's past record of tax increases, environmental neglect, and cronyism. He charges that Edwards is out selling every Cabinet and board position, "some three and four times," though Edwards challenges him to name one instance. At the end of the statewide televised debate last week, Duke held up copies of hundreds of pardons and paroles he said Edwards "sold or gave away."

Edwards predicts a comfortable margin of victory, but the polls aren't promising. The first poll after the primary showed him with a 46 percent to 42 percent lead, with 12 percent undecided (10 percent white, 2 percent black). Of the undecided, 58 percent said they thought Duke was more honest; 5 percent said the same for Edwards. It is the highest that Duke, who always underpolls, has ever polled. In the Mason-Dixon poll, Duke had 58 percent of the white vote to Edwards's 28 percent, while Edwards had 93 percent of the blacks with the rest undecided.

Just making the runoff is an important victory for Duke's suddenly rocketing political career. Though he would clearly relish winning, a close second may serve him almost as well. Several congressional districts in Louisiana would make inviting targets in 1992. Also, the timing is natural to enter the spring presidential primaries to take his message national and to expand his fund-raising base (nearly half of his 14,000 individual contributors in this race live outside Louisiana). By 1996 he could be the best-known Republican presidential candidate next to Dan Quayle, with a popular message, universal name recognition, and his past even further behind him. Like Huey Long, David Duke is a candidate for hard times. If the national economy is as bad in 1996 as Louisiana's is now, the Republicans' worst mistake would be to underestimate him. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

The Sorcerer's Apprentice

E.L. Doctorow's novel *Billy Bathgate* is a 1930s gangster story based on fact. It's a commonplace gangster yarn as such, but much of the time it's written with sharp insight and rhapsodic surge. Both of these usually admirable qualities are somewhat disturbing in this book because the story is narrated by a late adolescent with little education. At the last possible moment Billy tells us about his further education after his criminal career, but this doesn't explain how he became such an accomplished writer or how he had such mature insight when he was a youth.

The central character is Dutch Schultz, an actual New York gang leader of the day. Doctorow gives him dialogue with some rhetorical flourish, although he was even less well educated than the youthful Billy. Apparently Doctorow built this rhetoric backward, so to speak. His ground for it seems to have been the delirious deathbed ravings of Schultz after he was mortally shot in 1938—Doctorow quotes three pages of it near the end—ravings taken down by a police stenographer and published in newspapers. (William S. Burroughs based a film scenario on that deathbed delirium.) Some lines in that outpouring, little of which makes sense, have an extraordinary ring, especially considering their source. "A boy has never wept nor dashed a thousand kim." What does it mean? I have no idea, but I haven't been able to forget the line since I read it decades ago. If some of the talk that Doctorow gives Schultz is strangely flowery, it's no more so than some of that delirious monologue.

Whatever the story's ordinariness, Doctorow's telling of it made it enjoyable. Now Tom Stoppard, Britain's most overrated dramatist, has written a screenplay that of course had to shuck the narrative prose of the book, thus revealing the bare shanks of the story. What was distinctive is almost utterly lost, except for some of Schultz's language. But since the screenplay completely omits the deathbed delirium that retroactively justified the language, Schultz here sounds like faded Damon Runyon.

More is omitted. The film leaves out the ending of the novel, which makes the book into a rite of passage, Billy moving through a youthful infatuation with gangsterism to a different life, ironically subsidized by a gangster's money. The film lacks even a final voice-over or a closing title to indicate Billy's future.

The banality of the now-denuded story and the absence of moral compass are not the only flaws. **Billy Bathgate** (Touchstone) was directed by Robert Benton, who, doing a gangster picture, is to Martin Scorsese as a pickup truck is to a Ferrari. No kind of excitement is stirred anywhere along the line. Partly this is because Benton hasn't a glimmer of an original idea in directing. Is there a chance to avoid still another tracking shot of someone going down a street lined with pushcarts? A chance to avoid a close-up of two hands joining as two people become interested in each other? A chance to avoid a silhouette of an embracing pair against a lighted background? Benton resolutely shuns all those chances and plumps for the tried and trite.

In so doing, he greatly wastes the talent of one of the best of cinematographers, Nestor Almendros. The opening shot, a tugboat moored at night with its spotlight beaming to the left and the city lights speckling the darkness across the water, is breathtaking in its shades of light and night. But our breath is undisturbed by the rest of the film, which could have been shot by any competent person.

The story, as many must know, is about a Bronx boy in his late teens who accidentally wins the interest of Dutch Schultz. The mobster awes and inspires Billy, and he is taken on by Schultz as an apprentice to his gang of crooks and killers. Schultz has acquired a woman, a good-looking society type, by the simple means of murdering her (gangster) boyfriend, and in the course of later developments, Billy is asked to escort and guard her. Instead, she seduces Billy. Further troubles erupt. She is snatched out of danger by her rich gay husband, and Billy gabs himself free of Schultz's ire. The boss's power is on the decline in Gangland. Billy is discharged—sent off, really, to get him away safe—just before Schultz and Company are rubbed out by Lucky Luciano's hoods. (Luciano is so named here; in the novel he is called "the man with bad skin.")

Loren Dean, as Billy, has some quiet, unforced appeal. If his slight clumsiness was part of his performance and not ingrained, he might have a future. Steven Hill, as Schultz's trusted old

FILMS WORTH SEEING

La Belle Noiseuse. *Michel Piccoli is a famous but stymied painter, Emanuelle Béart his nude model, in Jacques Rivette's adaptation of Balzac's "Unknown Masterpiece." A four-hour exploration of artistic process, finely done. (Reviewed 11/4/91)* **City of Hope.** *An anatomy of urban corruption, somewhat glibly written but grippingly acted and directed. John Sayles's best so far. (10/14/91)* **The Cry of the Owl.** *A Patricia Highsmith novel, superbly adapted and directed by Claude Chabrol. A man who thinks he's innocent of certain deaths re-examines his innocence. (11/11/91)* **Year of the Gun.** *Italy, 1978, the Aldo Moro year. A modestly inventive thriller, directed by John Frankenheimer with the sweep and turbulence of the time. (11/18/91)* **—SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accountant-henchman, once again does his weathered, friendly turtle performance quite nicely. Nicole Kidman, as the lady very much in question, is bland and unimpressive.

A core disaster in the film, however, is Dustin Hoffman's performance as Schultz. An actor of phenomenal talent, he has always been interested in stretching himself. The first time I saw him, twenty-five years ago on stage, he played a 45-year-old crabbed clerk, excellently. Next he was excellent, on stage, as a brash cockney youth. His film career has been equally varied, and much of it has been fine. But he can overestimate his ability to stretch. In *Death of a Salesman* on Broadway he spent most of the evening with his head tilted back as he spoke to taller men—he's short, but he doesn't tilt his head back that way, doesn't seem aware that other men are taller, when he's succeeding in a role. As Schultz, he tilts again. He works hard, with the most gravelly voice he can summon, for maniacal cruelty under a suave exterior and for a conviction of power. They escape him.

Admittedly, Hoffman isn't helped much by Stoppard or, for that matter, by Doctorow. The part has no kind of development; it consists merely of one episode after another, with Schultz finishing exactly as he was at the beginning. We're told toward the end that we've been witnessing the decline of a king. This is arbitrarily adduced hokum. All that we have seen is a murderous hoodlum who maneuvers slyly, grabs what he wants, and guns down those who disagree with or displease him until he himself is gunned down. No Macbeth.

It's really unpleasant to see such a greatly gifted actor failing so completely in a role. The picture might have been marginally better with a different actor as Schultz. (If ever a part was made to order for Robert Duvall, who is only six years older than Hoffman, this is it.) As it is, Hoffman goes down the drain, and this picture, dullish despite all its violence, follows. •

Mark Stevens on Art

Dotting the Eyes

From the moment in 1886 when Georges Seurat first exhibited *La Grande Jatte,* critics have portrayed his art as emblematic of modernity. They have done so mainly on the basis of his "scientific" manner: his interest in the laws of color and his famous "dots." Seurat was the man of order who rebelled against the looseness of Impressionism. Like Cézanne, he was an artist in whom one could see the future finding its way. He was also, as recent critics have emphasized, committed to modern subject matter: music halls, contemporary architecture, the passing urban parade.

This emblematic importance is both a marvel and an exasperation. Seurat was a great painter whose visual poetry, as the retrospective now at the Metropolitan Museum demonstrates, is exquisitely beautiful. To dwell upon anything else can become perverse and dreary, the province of academic moles. Moreover, emphasizing Seurat's "scientific" qualities is seriously misleading. Seurat is indeed emblematic of modernity, but not in the obvious ways. His readings in color theory are not what hold our interest; besides, science has itself been badly battered as a symbol of the age, not least because we now understand that science is not quite as "scientific" as its ideologists used to think. What makes Seurat modern has as much to do with witchery, in the end, as with science or smokestacks.

The Seurat exhibition that the Metropolitan has organized with the Musée d'Orsay in Paris should help relieve Seurat of his traditional responsibilities in modern culture. Robert Herbert, the distinguished scholar who wrote much of the catalog, remains open to Seurat's many-sidedness. What is more, several of Seurat's best-known paintings (including *La Grande Jatte*) are missing from the show for legal and conservation reasons, which has the advantage of bringing the lesser-known sides of Seurat's sensibility into the foreground—above all, the rich and moody drawings, which prove Seurat to be as much a master of the caressing shadow as of the calculated light.

In Seurat almost nothing is what it first seems. It is remarkably difficult to make any assertion about his art without acknowledging that the opposite is also true. This paradoxical quality is the source of much of his fascination. Even the character of the man himself

Felice Casorati, *Kurt Wolff*, 1920s

KURT WOLFF

A PORTRAIT IN
ESSAYS AND LETTERS

Edited by Michael Ermarth

Kurt Wolff nurtured such writers as Kafka, Pasternak, Valéry, and Günter Grass. Here are his letters to authors and his musings on the art of publishing, with a memoir written by his wife and colleague, Helen Wolff.

"A marvelously engrossing assemblage of bookish lore....beautifully designed, lovingly printed."
—William Targ,
Washington Post Book World

$24.95, at bookstores

The University of Chicago Press

A Dispassionate and Controversial Exploration of the Power of Anti-Semitism

THE JEW ACCUSED

Three Anti-Semitic Affairs
Dreyfus, Beilis, Frank
1894-1915

Albert S. Lindemann

"He is especially good at showing the mixed motives of both the accusers and the defenders. He also deftly portrays the historical background and ideological forces. This account is well written and detailed."
— *Library Journal*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
40 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011-4211

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appears curiously divided. Degas once mocked him as "the notary," but a more generous friend described Seurat in this way:

> A tall young fellow, timid as could be, but with an energy no less extreme than his shyness; the beard of an Apostle and a girlish sweetness of manner; a voice deep, hooded, quick to win others to his point of view; one of those peaceable but immensely obstinate people whom you expect to be frightened of everything and whom, in reality, nothing can deter.

The paradoxes continued in his schooling. The technician in Seurat had some conventional academic training. He attended the traditional École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, and his academic inclinations inform most of his work. (He died at 31, and even his early death seems paradoxical: this most finished of painters was unfinished.) But the genius in Seurat submitted to a far more demanding regimen, the school of opposites. Ingres and Delacroix, the two great poles of earlier nineteenth-century French art, were equally manifest in his work. Among his near contemporaries, Seurat could see the value of both the wistful classicism of Puvis de Chavannes, who had his eye fixed on chaste ageless forms, and the quick and dappling effects of the Impressionists. His large canvases obviously recalled the high tradition of Western painting, but they also borrowed extensively from common Parisian posters. If you compare him (as some have) to the dreamy Venetian tradition, you would also have to acknowledge his Florentine solidity.

His ambition rested upon a desire to reconcile the irreconcilable. As most students of art know, Seurat hoped, like Cézanne, to bring the order of the classical tradition to modern art and life. Couldn't contemporary painting become more *built*, and without a resort to archaic fakery? Might not structure and design complement the gorgeous chaos of the senses? And couldn't a picture of modern Paris, the visual chronicle of urban contemporaneity, also evoke eternity? To find satisfactory answers to these questions, Seurat attempted to develop a modern technique that was not based on the well-worn conventions of academic draftsmanship. Hence his readings in color theory, the celebrated brushstroke, the frieze-like stillness.

Seurat's principled devotion to order is obvious, both in his measured brushstroke and in his sources. One immediately senses the sculptural grandeur of Greek, Assyrian, and Egyptian art in the way that he poses his city people, and the disinterested eye of Poussin and Piero in the way that he maps his spaces. He is, in some stubborn way, a classicist. Still, it is not long in the exposure to Seurat's work before one becomes equally aware of something else, of a lovely perturbation that comes from holding so much together. If the ambition of Puvis was to paint from within the classical tradition, Seurat, the prototypical modern, instinctively, anxiously, remains somewhere outside the temple. He refuses obsequious or nostalgic copying of the classical precedents. They steal into his modern scenes as a kind of ghostly discipline, a reverie of order rather than order itself.

ANAÏS FAIVRE HAUMONTÉ SUR SON LIT DE MORT (1887)

Science enters his work in the same ghostly way. His formulas seem more like alchemical principles than secure mathematical designs. Science in the late nineteenth century could still appear personal, the expression of the temperament of a single inquiring individual; Seurat's researches are a kind of private quest for some essential secret, like Gauguin's trip to the South Seas. He uses dots and is himself slightly dotty. In the end, Seurat appeals to the modern mind not because he uses science, but because he re-enchants it. What many might find sterile or threatening becomes instead an occasion for dreaminess. In this way Seurat is close in spirit to those painters of the quattrocento period who found something magical in the rational, who discovered in the laws of perspective a technique for poetry.

The famous brushstroke—which is only sometimes a "dot," as careful critics have pointed out from the beginning—always has an ambiguous shimmer. Seurat employed contrasting hues to create the sensation of unity: the "fusion of color and form," to quote from the exhibit, "would occur in the eye rather than on the canvas." But does the fusion really occur? One can sense a unity in the light created by the contrasting hues, but the dots themselves never do quite fuse. And I doubt that each of us can be counted upon to mix the colors the same way. Isn't there something unexpectedly subjective in the dependence of this objective-seeming theory upon an individual's eye?

Seurat's brushstrokes initially imply that the artist knows the world down to its very atoms: a godly-seeming formal and rhythmic intelligence controls the marks, so that art's reason becomes a kind of rhapsody to rival the power of myth that stood behind the great painting of the past. But one can never forget the individuality of the marks for long. They engage us expressively; they tell of idiosyncrasy and chaos as much as of uniformity and decorum. I sometimes imagine that if you took away a dot or two the entire edifice would collapse into a heap of twinkling dust; or that, if the artist's intensity slackened for a moment, the dots might begin to teem like ants.

In Seurat's orderly universe, there is a certain fragility, as if the work might finally end in a shattering. *La Grande Jatte* contains a famous wisp of a monkey. A monkey is unpredictable, the mocking shadow of a man; that is, the perfect foil for an artist of fanatical orderings. Seurat's leashed monkey remains a good citizen, the poised curves of his back and tail rhyming with his owner's bust, bottom, and umbrella. But a little dog is running past intent on a bigger dog nosing around. The monkey is poised to spring. In just an eye's wink, an eruption of animal mayhem could shatter the sublime stillness.

Seurat began to push his theory very hard in the later work. This can sometimes appear extreme and impatient—or merely eccentric, as when he adds dots to the frames themselves. Lines, arabesques, become increasingly important; and this has the effect of making the dots almost seem a distraction. Per-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haps even Seurat grew impatient with them. The late painting *Poseuses, ensemble* (1888) shows three models in the studio in various states of undress, and there is an image of *La Grande Jatte* in the background. While still composed of dots, the posing models have a great deal of solidity and weight to them. By contrast, Seurat has made a kind of dark and loose caricature of the dottiness of his own earlier painting.

Most people who go to the exhibition will find the drawings the most startling challenge to the conventional view of Seurat. A Cartesian would certainly not have worked with the black conte crayon (an artist's crayon developed in the eighteenth century) the way that Seurat did. His drawings are among the most sensual in art. The crayon rubs, caresses, catches upon the furred paper. It has the effect of something soft and fleshy and moist-seeming, like a fingertip. The show demonstrates that at the academy Seurat could actually make a very good traditional salon drawing, but that was obviously not enough: next to his academic studies, so plain and so open, the conte drawings show an artist growing obsessed with the moody and the private and the mysterious.

The drawings begin but never end with disinterested observation. In an extraordinary drawing of his aunt on her deathbed, for example, the artist evoked with almost claustrophobic exactitude the close and murky atmosphere of a sickroom. (One can almost smell the medicinal oils.) He portrayed close-up the gentle sag of the dying woman's head, and carefully rendered the light from both candles and window. Yet this drawing, like most in Seurat, is closer to the dreaminess of symbolism than to the clarity of the precisely observed. The heavy otherworldly black of the table conveys the shocking finality of death within the general haze of the sickroom; it seems to pull the woman downward toward the darkness of the tomb. Even the stark formal brilliance of the composition (the bold vertical lines of the candle, the cross, and the bedclothes accentuate the faded horizontals of the dying woman) seems more incantatory than rational.

Because there are few lines in Seurat's drawings—in sharp contrast to his academic studies—nothing parses, divides, or interrupts the enveloping mood. Women are often the subject. They almost never give up their secrets and they are rarely portrayed head-on. Seurat liked to show his figures from the side or the back. The light is often hidden behind the figure. Faces soften toward shadow; and the shadows seem full of whispers. Many drawings are as oblique and as intimate as anything in Vuillard. (Sometimes the delicate eeriness puts one in mind even of Ensor.) It was a great surprise to Seurat's friends, after his death, to find that he had a mistress and child, but anyone who studies these drawings will know that this was a man who required secrets.

A mechanical artist? In part, but his drawing of a nude adolescent girl, a study for the painting *Poseuses, ensemble*, is a miracle of tenderness. Solemn? In a way, but no artist of the period displays a more playful formal wit. Interested in abstract social types? But he could also portray how one determined 3-year-old plants herself on the ground. Sophisticated? Of course, but everyone senses something primitive in Seurat's forms and something childlike in his dots and orderings. That, finally, is what makes him emblematic of the modern: he can contain contradictory impulses. He is comprehensive *and* open-ended. He dissolves reality into riddles; he seems a modern sphinx. While not one of his greatest works, the artist's small painting of the Eiffel Tower during construction has become famous because of its subject. The tower, of course, is the presiding symbol of the modern. Meyer Schapiro has discussed this picture at length in an essay on the painter (suggesting that, if we did not know Seurat's

Introducing an exotic new financial language:

English.

Every issue of *The Capitalist's Companion* comes with the following guarantee: no jargon, no platitudes, and no using "impact" as a verb.

The Companion's editors aren't beltway insiders. They come from the research departments and trading floors of Wall Street. They know the economy from the ground up, and they know what moves markets. Their insights will surprise you.

Example: when the consensus was predicting a short, sweet recession, the *Companion* was telling its readers why the recession would last and last. It has.

We won't always be right, of course. But we'll always be skeptical. And we'll tell you some things you're not likely to hear from your broker. Or from the newsweeklies.

Try *The Capitalist's Companion* at a special trial rate. We'll send you five issues for $19. If you're not satisfied, we'll send you a pro-rated refund. If you are satisfied, renew for a year.

Call the toll-free number any time, day or night. Or mail us the coupon. Either way, you'll be getting some of the most insightful market commentary around. And you'll be getting it the way it ought to be given: clearly.

1-800-966-6567

( ) I'd like a 5-issue trial for $19.
( ) I'd like a year (17 issues) for $120. TNR2
( ) Payment enclosed. ( ) Bill me.

Name _____
Company _____
Address _____
City _____ State ___ Zip ___

The Capitalist's Companion
JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE FINANCIAL MARKETS
175 Fifth Avenue Suite 2503 New York, N.Y. 10010

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

name, we might call him "The Master of the Eiffel Tower"), and the catalog entry says that Seurat found in the tower "the forms and the rationale of modern engineering to which he could respond, a structure composed, like his painting, of clearly visible units that reveal its technique." This is doubtless true. But what I find particularly modern about this painting is that the tower has no top, that it is incomplete, that it melts into air. •

Charitable Contributions

By Roy Porter

Poverty and Compassion: The Moral Imagination of the Late Victorians by Gertrude Himmelfarb

(Knopf, 475 pp., $30)

Since the 1950s Gertrude Himmelfarb has built a formidable reputation as an explorer of the nineteenth-century mind. A ruthless debunker of shoddy reasoning and double-speak, past and present, Himmelfarb has made it her mission to lay bare the prejudices of the founding fathers of modernity; her forte is exploding their pretensions with deadly elegance. The shallow, rationalist materialism of Jeremy Bentham and his haunted house of Utility; the vaunted liberalism of John Stuart Mill, which turns out to be exceedingly illiberal; the soulless scientism of Darwinian evolution, a creed that, for all its emancipatory boasts, left its author emotionally desiccated and mankind adrift: time and again Himmelfarb has delighted in showing that the prized systems of progressives were jerry-built, their grand truths crudely self-serving, too frequently the work of decidedly queer ideologues.

Always wary of trendy intellectual agendas, as in her *The New History and the Old* (1987), Himmelfarb became the scourge of the smug, liberal intelligentsia so sure of its emancipatory destiny in Victorian times, and, by implication, in the Kennedy era. She never suffered fools gladly, especially those of the left-leaning historical establishment, and became the doyenne of the trenchant essay or the heftier demolition job, as in her *Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution* (1959) and *On Liberty and Liberalism: The Case of John Stuart Mill* (1974). But would she produce something more ambitious and permanent? These doubts were dispelled by *The Idea of Poverty: England in the Early Industrial Age*, published in 1984, a profound and provoking analysis of social change, public policy, and economic philosophy spanning the years from Adam Smith, through Malthus and Ricardo, to the mid-nineteenth century.

Himmelfarb attacked the whole herd of sacred cows, received opinions, and half-truths tethered in the largely leftish pastures of British academe. Despite authorities such as Eric Hobsbawm, the "pessimist view" that saw working-class living standards declining, even plummeting, as a consequence of the rise of industrial capitalism was (she declared) largely rhetoric, buoyed up by deft factual sleight of hand, Marxist dogma, and a weird schadenfreude; the unseemly eagerness of Marxists to maximize the miseries of the masses has long perplexed Himmelfarb. (On the standard-of-living debate, her intuitions are borne out by recent contributions, such as the magisterial anthropometric investigation by Roderick Floud, Kenneth Wachter, and Annabel Gregory, *Height, Health, and History: Nutritional Status in the United Kingdom, 1750-1980*, which appeared last year.)

The poor, Himmelfarb insisted, were not the creation of the Industrial Revolution. Indeed, classical political economists may have been right to contend that poverty was the side effect of a traditional parish welfare system that encouraged profligacy and dependency by extending automatic rights of relief to the idle. Strange indeed, Himmelfarb observed, to find sentimental socialists, in this century and the last, championing the entitlement of the poor to their poverty, rather than showing sympathy for the earnest attempts of bourgeois economists to eradicate indigence, as in the New Poor Law of 1834. By universalizing the workhouse with its "less eligibility" sanction, the new legislation, flinty-hearted no doubt, shrewdly aimed to drive a wedge between "paupers," regarded as the mainly "undeserving" indigent, ripe for institutional segregation, and the "laboring poor," active in the labor market, who would thereby be delivered from the shame of indigence. Hankering after an outmoded "moral economy," and fixated upon "revolution" as the true destiny of the proletariat, self-styled people's historians have all too often shown condescension toward those workers, the "aristocracy of labor," who were at last achieving some dignity within the industrial economy and its self-help politics. In their doctrinaire mann[illegible], th[illegible] interpreted gradual, partial, and pragmatic improvements as social control or selling out.

Himmelfarb's readings of the ideologies of poverty in early industrialism were a little tendentious, but she demonstrated, beyond any shadow of doubt, that poverty could not blithely be treated as some monster-brood of the new factory system and its "dismal science," destined to be destroyed only by the purifying blood of revolution in the socialist millennium. It was, rather, a knotty problem, demanding arduous intellectual explication. A companion volume was promised, which would explore late Victorian poverty in theory and practice; and we have been eagerly awaiting Himmelfarb's findings, certain that they would be framed to serve at the same time as verdicts on the mythologies of the left today, or rather—in a decade in which the conservative cause carried all before it in the West and in which, farther East, Marxism has finally dug its own grave—as their funeral orations.

In the event, that follow-up volume (Himmelfarb admits to some changes of plan in the interim) is a damp squib. Though one might cross swords with its thesis, its details, or its agenda, *The Idea of Poverty* possessed tremendous intellectual power, with its insistence on the intractability of the problem of poverty, and its luminous analyses of the self-defeating nature of well-meaning attempts to resolve it. *Poverty and Compassion*, by contrast, is altogether more lightweight, a rather haphazard assemblage of brief and occasionally hackneyed essays loosely strung together.

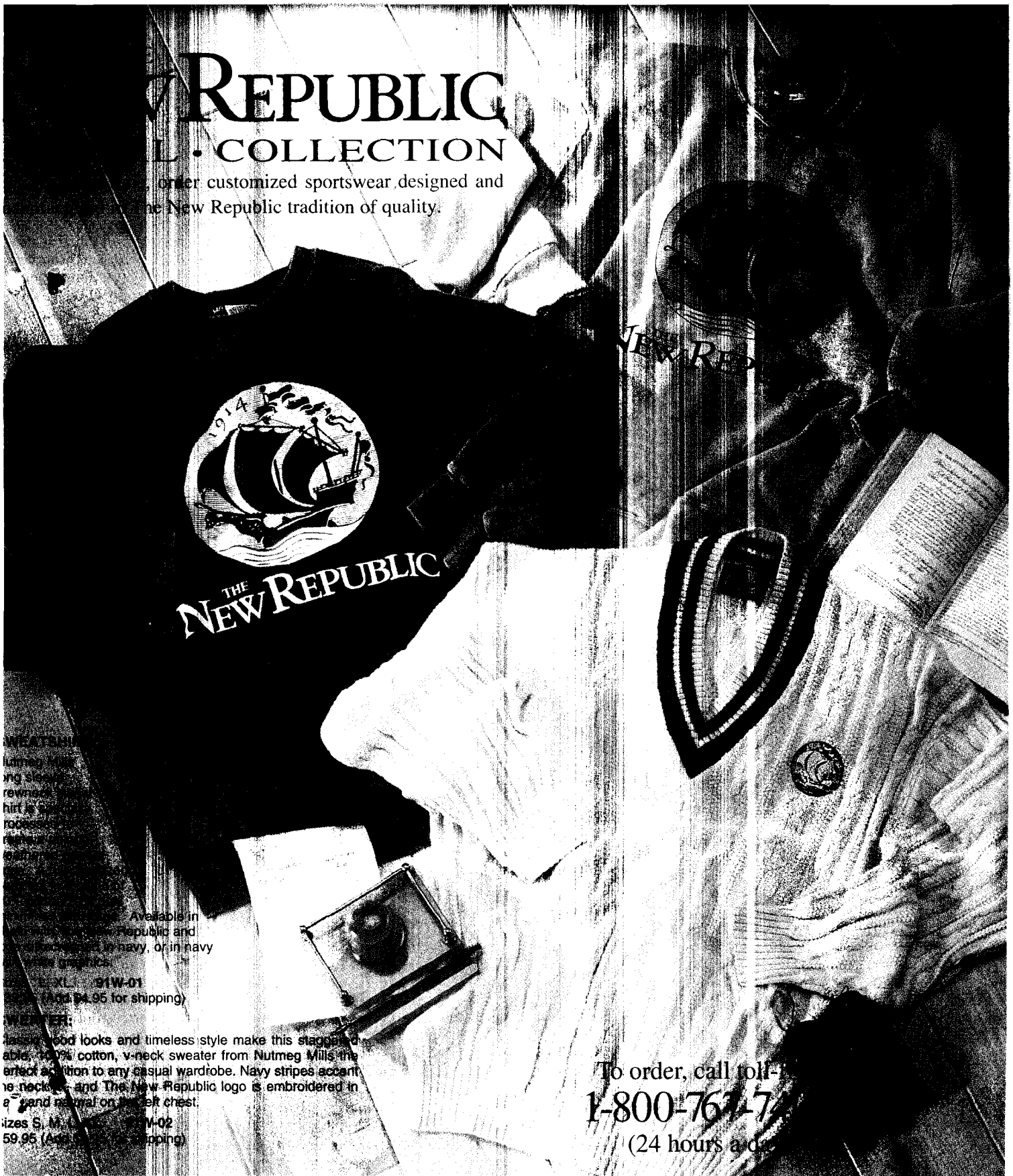
We are taken on guided tours of the Salvation Army, the Charity Organ[illegible]ation Society, and Toynbee Hall. We meet th[illegible] saintly Canon Barnett and the suspicious Dr. Barnardo, who did a touch too well out of the orphans' homes that bear his name. We encounter Positivism, Christian Socialism, and Fabianism; Henry George (of "single tax" fame) and the Oxford Idealist T.H. Green; Octavia Hill and her bevy of improving rent-collectors, Stewart Headlam, the defrocked "sacramental socialist," and H.M. Hyndmann, the frock-coated, top-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REPUBLIC

L • COLLECTION

order customized sportswear designed and
he New Republic tradition of quality.



WEATSHI
dmeg Mills
ong sleeve
rewneck
hirt is
rocessed
ft wash
eather

Available in
Republic and
in navy, or in navy
graphics.
L, XL. 91W-01
(Add $4.95 for shipping)

WEATER:
lassic good looks and timeless style make this staggered-
able, 100% cotton, v-neck sweater from Nutmeg Mills the
erfect addition to any casual wardrobe. Navy stripes accent
he neckline and The New Republic logo is embroidered in
a and natural on the left chest.
izes S, M, L, XL. 92W-02
59.95 (Add $4.95 for shipping)

To order, call toll-
1-800-76
(24 hours a

Item #	Size	Color	Description	Qty.	Unit Price	Total

If using Visa, Mastercard or American Express, please provide the following information:

Account Number _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

lame _____

hone _____

hipping Address _____

ity _____ State _____ Zip _____

ail this form along with check or money order made payable to **The New Republic, P.O. Box 97831, Dallas, Texas 75379.**

lease allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hatted revolutionist; even John Stuart Mill makes a guest appearance. It is a colorful cast, but most of the portraits are familiar, and flashing by at great speed they leave one in some doubt about the raison d'être of the enterprise as a whole.

Only Charles Booth, author of the monumental seventeen-volume *Life and Labour of the People in London* (1889-1903), and to a lesser extent his younger contemporary Seebohm Rowntree, the northern chocolate manufacturer, receive sustained and engaged attention. Himmelfarb rightly regards Booth as engineering a key shift in the conceptualization of wealth and its distribution in the late nineteenth century. The old problem of the "poor," Booth perceived—and Himmelfarb endorses his perception—had at long last been solved, though not, of course, in the sense that everyone was now rolling in money. But for the bulk of the laboring classes, Booth argued, standards of living were substantially and steadily rising (more Hobsbawm-hammering here).

In other words, the working classes were ceasing to be the laboring *poor*. Despite shock-horror publications like Andrew Mearn's *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London*, dire destitution had become localized. Among the eight grades of society he tabulated, Booth singled out Class A (loafers, ruffians, the semi-criminal) and Class B (hopelessly feckless casual workers) as the "leisure class of the poor." In many cases suffering some hereditary taint, such rabble only served to depress Class C, the other major group subsisting beneath the "line of poverty," honest folk in casual employments (dock laborers, porters, and so on). The most practical policy would therefore be to raise Class C workers above the poverty line, which could be achieved by removing the A and B dregs to labor colonies as "servants of the state" under a system of "state slavery." In their salutary absence, the respectable working classes could continue to climb in self-esteem in a generally thriving capitalist economy.

Booth is a Himmelfarbian hero: a realist possessed of authentic social discernment derived from a vast labor of empirical social science, his "arithmetic of woe." It was his merit, she argues, to comprehend that poverty was the product not of capitalism but of the poor. "While the problem of 1834 was the problem of pauperism," the great economist Alfred Marshall aptly observed, "the problem of 1893 is the problem of poverty." But Booth is also a crucial figure for Himmelfarb in another, and possibly more equivocal, way. She is fascinated by Booth's "compassion."

Like so many of his opulent, educated, dynamic peers, Booth, the owner of a shipping line, did not take the easy road of power and glory, but directed his energies, sympathies, and finances to social issues. He mingled and even lodged with the populace. Investigate, analyze, help: these were Booth's directives, and similar drives galvanized scores of Victorian men and women of conscience, Christian and secular, activists and analysts, builders of model dwellings or systems of social science.

Their motives were complicated, their targets sometimes rather tortured. Arnold Toynbee, social prophet and disciple of the moral evangelical T. H. Green, slummed it, in part to expiate class guilt. "We—the middle classes, I mean, not merely the rich—we have neglected you," he confessed to the working men who attended his East End lectures:

> Instead of justice we have offered you charity and instead of sympathy, we have offered you hard and unreal advice; but I think we are changing.... I think that many of us would spend our lives in your service. You have—I say it clearly and advisedly—you have to forgive us, for we have wronged you; we have sinned against you grievously—not knowing always; but still we have sinned, and let us confess it; but if you will forgive us—nay, whether you will forgive us or not—we will serve you, we will devote our lives to your service, and we cannot do more.

If this makes us squirm—especially when we hear the quid pro quo that Toynbee went on to demand: his sacrifices would be wasted, he insisted, unless his audience raised the tone of their lives!—Himmelfarb is careful to resist the temptation to reduce elite altruism to guilt, to projections of Oedipal hatred, or, following certain left-wing formulations, to strategies of social control.

And yet aristocratic philanthropy poses questions. Himmelfarb's worthies invested vast intellectual and emotional energies in researching and improving the lot of the poor—and, Himmelfarb stresses, it never occurred to these earnest Victorians that facts and feelings, moral concerns and mathematical calculations, ought to be kept apart. (It is *our* notion of "value-free social science" that is peculiar.) But why they devoted themselves to the poor remains problematic. And so, too, do Himmelfarb's attitudes.

For in some of her figures such *bourgeoisie oblige* tends to be presented by Himmelfarb as precious, self-indulgent, and faintly ludicrous. Toynbee Hall's founders were confident that a mission settlement in darkest Whitechapel would serve to civilize the natives, thanks to the conspicuous gentility of the Oxford toffs slumming it there. Perhaps it was also morbidly self-destructive. The sentimental socialism of the salon possibly provided cement for an otherwise hyperindividualistic, atomized society. But such "heart burning of the aristocrat" (the formula is Marx's) may also have been a kind of class treason, a failure of nerve among the Olympians, and it may have contributed to Britain's decline.

In general, Himmelfarb is not dogmatic. Not so, however, about the Fabians, that unbearably superior elite, who, according to their leading light Sidney Webb, comprised "the Society of Jesus of Socialism." Himmelfarb has no difficulty sketching a wholly negative portrait of these latter-day benevolent despots, offspring of Comtian positivists, bourgeois, bohemian, and opinionated, never doubting their own rectitude and omniscience, believing in government of the people, for the people, but preferably not by the people. (By the Fabians instead, of course.) Snobbishly disdainful toward the masses (the poor were hateful, George Bernard Shaw insisted, which is why they had to be abolished), they make almost too easy a target.

And they provide a convenient opportunity for Himmelfarb, at long last, twenty pages before the close of her book, to reveal her hand. The Fabians, she assures us, were the "architects" of welfare socialism: "the welfare state is inexplicable without Fabianism." In other words, so Himmelfarb seems to be arguing, the flirtation with socialism, that potentially dangerous treason within the ranks of the Victorian elite, finally prepared the ground for a tiny core of genuinely dangerous ideologues, from whose deplorable designs the British Welfare State emerged.

The supposed evils of the "nanny state" are thus explained in terms of their origin. But this reading hardly holds water. The welfare state in Britain owes its rise to a multitude of sources—some intellectual and institutional (including liberalism and trade unionism, not just Fabianism), but largely practical and political: the auctioneering of party politics and electioneering; the effects, crippling yet centralizing, of two world wars; the growing crisis of the late-industrial economy. There is something willful in singling out Fabianism to explain the welfare state and its imputed evils. To grant them such influence is to take them wholly at their own evaluation.

"The welfare state did not abolish poverty," Himmelfarb declares—hence its need to reintroduce supplementary benefits, or, as she puts it, to revert to the outdoor relief of the old poor law. This is, however, an intemperate judgment. How rapidly, how comprehensively, could the Welfare State, inaugurated in 1945, be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

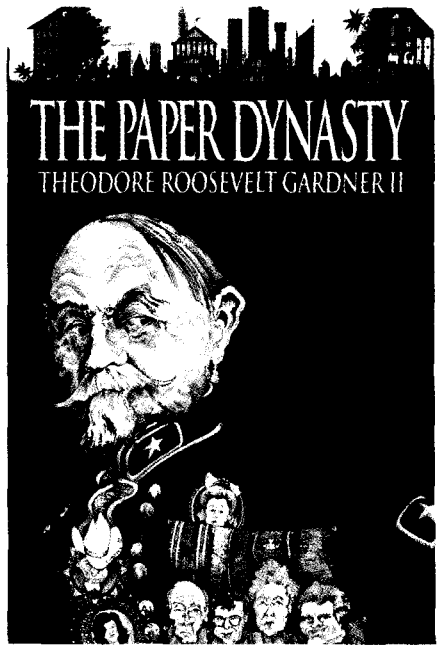
expected to resolve an age-old problem? What did happen after 1945, though Himmelfarb does not mention this, is that the differentials between rich and poor became narrower. By contrast, during the twelve years since Thatcher began dismantling that Welfare State in the name of "Victorian values"—an admiration for market economics and a repudiation not just of socialism but of society itself ("There is no such thing as society, only individuals and families")—cardboard cities of the destitute of a kind familiar to Mayhew have mushroomed in the metropolis, and poverty has once more increased. Between 1979 and 1989, the poorest 20 percent in Britain lost £160 per year in disposable income while the richest 20 percent gained £7,986. This followed Thatcher's "less eligibility" principles. On cutting unemployment benefits, she declared, "I believe it is right to have a larger difference between those in work and those out of work."

Only left-wing ideologues, past and present, are the targets of Himmelfarb's waspish wit. Right-wing pundits of poverty escape censure. Yet it would be equally easy to demolish the fantasies about the indigent advanced by late Victorian reactionaries. Many of them were howling eugenicists convinced that the poor were degenerate stock threatening the nation with imminent racial suicide, and sure that improvement in working-class wages would sound the death knell of morals and civilization. *Poverty and Compassion* is not only a perceptive book, it is also a slightly annoying one, because of its blind spots, which are most extravagantly displayed in its concluding polemic, where Himmelfarb crassly aims to discredit welfare politics by crudely fathering them onto an obnoxious band of ideologues.

Still, it is also a work of genuine penetration, thanks to the powerful moral imagination that Himmelfarb trains on Victorian minds confronting contemporary ills. They had the perspicacity to recognize that problems were complex: personal but also structural, material but also moral. Poverty had much to do with the economy, but it also had something to do with the poor. Money was part of the solution, but so too was moralization. Here the Victorians have not a little to teach us. And so does Himmelfarb's general avoidance of easy moral judgments on eminent Victorians. After reading her brace of books, no one can any longer pretend that poverty is a simple fact in itself, or that it is ripe for ready solutions.

ROY PORTER is a reader in the social history of medicine at Wellcome Institute, London.

Celebrities speak on



cover art by Vint Lawrence

Sorry I won't have time to get to "The Paper Dynasty."
—*Tom Wolfe*

I'll certainly make an effort to read your book—especially as I had a passing acquaintance with a Chandler or two. —*Clifton Fadiman*

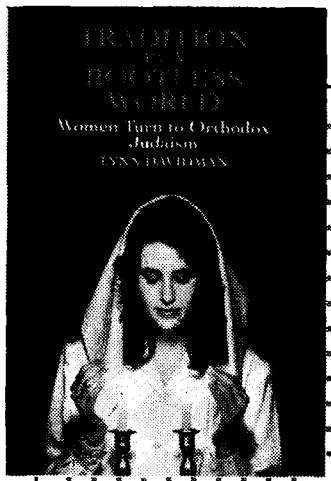
Many thanks for sending along a copy...which I look forward to reading.
—*Joseph Epstein*

The similes are...not very good. —*Jack Smith*

...a bit offensive....
—*Name withheld, an editor of the Los Angeles Times*

For more upbeat hype
(or ordering information)
phone: 800 777 7623

ALLEN A. KNOLL, PUBLISHERS
600 PP. $23.45 ISBN 0-9627297-0-1



BACK TO BASICS

"Interesting, thoughtful, and highly readable....raises important questions for Jewish feminism." —Judith Plaskow, author of *Standing Again at Sinai*

"Intriguing....an excellent introduction to an often misunderstood way of life."
—*Library Journal*

"A powerful introduction to two groups of Jewish women who, in divergent contexts, move to Orthodox Judaism as a way of resolving dilemmas for female existence in contemporary society."
—Beverly W. Harrison, author of *Our Right to Choose*

Tradition in a Rootless World: Women Turn to Orthodox Judaism
by Lynn Davidman
265 pages, $24.95
At bookstores, or order 1-800-822-6657.
Visa/MasterCard.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
Berkeley Los Angeles New York Oxford

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Unwise Man

By Jill Abramson

The Man to See: Edward Bennett Williams Ultimate Insider; Legendary Trial Lawyer by Evan Thomas

(Simon and Schuster, 533 pp., $27.50)

It is significant that the widow and the friends of Edward Bennett Williams selected Evan Thomas to be his authorized biographer. Thomas is the Washington bureau chief of *Newsweek* and has an appropriately keen sense of how Washington operates, of who pulls what levers; he is also a trained lawyer, with the background for an account that brings to life Williams's legendary legal prowess. More important, however, Thomas co-authored *The Wise Men*, a reverential portrait of six establishment fixtures (Robert Lovett, John McCloy, Averell Harriman, Charles Bohlen, George Kennan, and Dean Acheson) who shaped America's postwar foreign policy. Clearly the authorizers of Williams's biography hoped that they might secure for him, too, a place in the pantheon of the wise men.

Unfortunately, as this book establishes unwittingly and almost immediately, Edward Bennett Williams was not a wise man. His ambitions were narrow, focused on himself. He lacked a serious commitment to public service or social policy. His political judgment was flawed. And he never had the polish of the WASPs who dominated the establishment bar, who had little desire to sully their hands representing criminals. Williams, a hard-scrambling Irish Catholic, was merely the greatest criminal lawyer of his day.

Justice William Brennan rated him one of the greatest advocates to appear before the Supreme Court. In a string of cases that he argued in the 1950s and 1960s, Williams gave bite to the Fourth Amendment, limiting the unchecked power of the police to search criminal defendants and to seize evidence. He waged personal warfare against J. Edgar Hoover's illegal bugging and leaking. And later in his career, as a champion of press freedoms, he counseled *The Washington Post* to print the Pentagon Papers and won landmark libel decisions.

Williams's great talent hinged on a broad understanding of the law and exhaustive preparation for every case. (In the 1960s, on the eve of an important Fourth Amendment argument before the Supreme Court, Williams realized that his case might turn on the number of Chinese laundries on a single block of San Francisco's Chinatown; so in the middle of the night he awakened his pal Joe DiMaggio, who was living in San Francisco at the time, and asked him to drive up and down Chinatown counting laundries.) In fact, he stopped at nothing in order to win.

He was certainly not above low-life tactics. Thus, his most celebrated victory, the acquittal of Jimmy Hoffa in 1957, was marred by cheap shots and racial pandering. His character assassination of John Cye Cheasty, the government's key witness, went way beyond what was necessary to damage Cheasty's credibility; Williams even accused Cheasty, who took heart medicine, of being a dope addict. After maneuvering for a predominantly black jury, Williams suddenly added a black woman lawyer from Los Angeles to the defense team. He also arranged for the boxer Joe Louis, the most popular black man of his day, to visit the courtroom and give Hoffa a hearty clap on the back. In the end, these stunts got Williams what he wanted most, which was victory. (The prospect of Hoffa's acquittal was so remote that the gangster Frank Costello, another client of Williams's, paid the lawyer his own $100,000 fee by winning a $1,000 bet, made at 100-to-1 odds, that Williams would get Hoffa off.)

For those who hounded Williams about his willingness to defend such odious characters as Costello and Hoffa, or political thugs like Joe McCarthy, Williams developed a stock answer, which Thomas more or less faithfully parrots. "He was an advocate," the biographer writes. "He didn't defend the morality of his clients. He protected the legal rights of the accused. Moral judgments he left to God." To be sure, publicity was not far from Williams's mind either. It was in that spirit that he eagerly volunteered to represent McCarthy in 1950 after the newspaper columnist Drew Pearson sued McCarthy for libel and $5 million (in a speech McCarthy had called Pearson a "degenerate liar," among other things). Soon Williams was McCarthy's trusted personal adviser. The two men, both prone to mood swings and bouts of heavy drinking, felt a personal kinship. Williams also recognized that the media circus generated by the red-baiter would mean tremendous exposure for a young lawyer, and it did. Even when the press hammered McCarthy, Williams received glowing notices for his brilliance, and clients flocked to him.

Williams was born in Hartford in 1920. His formative years were spent in drab surroundings in Hartford during the Depression. As part of his self-mythologizing, he later said that his desire to be a lawyer was sparked during the celebrated murder trial of a playboy thief, and he claimed to have walked the two miles to the courthouse in Hartford each day to watch the trial. (In fact, he was only 5 at the time of the trial.) He arrived in Washington in 1941 to attend law school at Georgetown University, armed with a tremendous yearning for respectability and wealth. He acquired them in part through his first marriage, to the daughter of the head of Hogan & Hartson, the establishment law firm in which Williams began his career.

Williams's attainments in the courtroom, however, were never enough to satisfy his ambitions. By the end of the '60s, with his most celebrated cases behind him, he grew restless. He whined to his law partners that he wanted to be a counselor to presidents, like his hero Clark Clifford, the silver-haired and silken-tongued aristocrat of the Washington bar. Perhaps one of the tragedies of Williams's career was precisely his choice of a model. It is a choice that Thomas might have explored more fully. For Clifford has always been more of a back-room fixer than a wise man. And like Clifford, Williams was more interested in the perquisites of power than in the use of power for any real political or moral end. Clifford, of course, did perform valuable public service; but he spent the bulk of his career as a highly paid door-opener, operating from a law firm just a few blocks from the White House, where he ended each day by straightening the Oriental carpets by the elevator. He set the standard for a generation of Washington lawyers who grew wealthy by milking their government contacts for corporate clients.

Williams, ironically, was the more substantial lawyer. In a city filled with litiga-

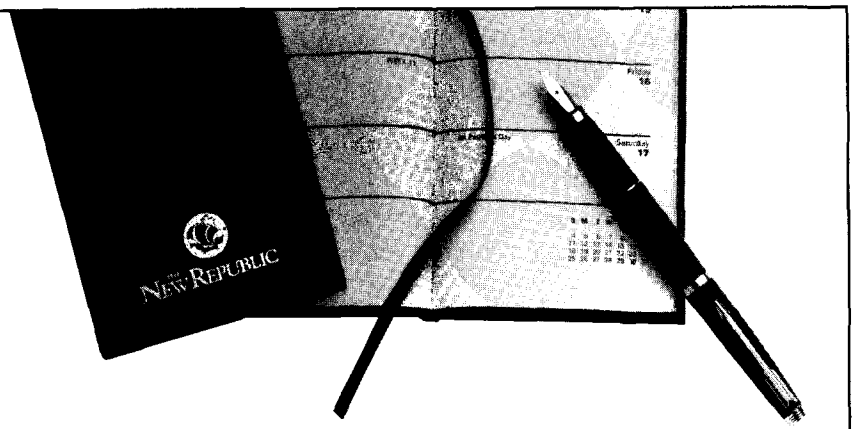
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tors who have never handled a real trial, Williams was the genuine article. But to the end he viewed Clifford as the epitome of legal superpowerdom. Williams feared that if he confined his career to representing outcasts like Costello and Hoffa, he would forever be an outsider himself. He wanted a place at Clifford's Christmas groaning board. (He finally won it in the early 1960s, and could be seen there every holiday season down[illegible]g oysters.)

Tired of hearing people like Eunice Shriver grill him on the ethics of defending evil characters, Williams devised his own legal catechism: the sleazier the client, the higher the fee. But he also began to clean up his roster of clients, though the transformation was not easy. In 1961 he told reporters that being near Hoffa made his "skin crawl." He promised Hoffa's nemesis, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, that he would resign as counsel to the Teamsters. But the Teamsters account was too lucrative. Instead of resigning, Williams flew to a union convention and praised the Teamster leaders for strengthening the Fifth Amendment because they used it so frequently. Still, the number of "white collar" cases Williams handled increased as he took on more business executives and fewer Mafia men and smut dealers.

Williams rightly calculated that ownership of a sports team would boost his social and political cachet. Carefully cultivated friends such as Benjamin Bradlee and Art Buchwald were regulars in his owner's box at Redskins games, as were members of the Kennedy clan, Supreme Court justices, congressmen, and presidents. Williams delighted in putting on such shows of social and political force (though he complained about having to make small talk with a deaf man after one of President Reagan's visits to the box). Most important, he made Williams & Connolly a Washington institution, one of the city's most prestigious and feared law firms. Williams recruited lawyers such as Joseph Califano, who brought in such glitzy clients as the Democratic National Committee. Defense work remained the [illegible]m's forte, and Williams & Connolly won a reputation for pressing the outer edges of the law to sway juries, and for using innovative legal technicalities to win on appeal.

Thomas devotes the largest part of his book to Williams's campaign to become Washington's "ultimate insider." The anecdotes are entertaining, but he seems rather too impressed by Williams's grasping and clawing; and he is much too accepting of the whole notion



Announcing
The New Republic
1992 Pocket Diary

For the past few years, we have been giving pocket diaries, embossed in gold with The New Republic name and logo, to our writers and editors and special friends in the media. The diaries have been so popular that we have decided to make them available to our subscribers at a low cost, only $10.95 each.

The diaries are made by Letts of London, whose diaries were favored by Charles Dickens and George Bernard Shaw. Each diary includes weekly calendars with space to write down daily appointments, plus a wine vintage chart, a list of important toll-free telephone numbers, a list of world holidays, metric equivalents, a calorie counter, fifteen blank pages for notes, telephone numbers, and addresses, and more.

The pages are edged in gilt and carry a silken page marker. The diary itself is dark blue with featherweight light-blue pages.

It's elegant and easy to use. The cost to non-subscribers is $12.95, but we're offering it to subscribers for just $10.95, *including* postage.

Available to Our Subscribers for a limited Time

YES, Send me the New Republic pocket diary immediately. (Please allow 2 to 4 weeks for delivery.)

☐ I am a subscriber, $10.95

☐ I am not a subscriber, $12.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Write to: Pocket Diary, The New Republic
1220 19th St. NW, Washington, DC 20036
Check or Money-Order must accompany each order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the "insider," and of its effect on the city's political culture. Much of the social climbing and the clubbiness is merely obnoxious. Thomas offers an exhaustive account of "The Club," whose membership consisted solely of Williams, Bradlee, and Buchwald, and whose only purpose was to keep others out. (As a present for her 70th birthday, The Club inducted Katharine Graham as its first new member, only to inform her that The Club had a mandatory retirement age of 70.)

But the scheming for connection was also insidious in a larger, public sense. Williams and Clifford, who always occupied the best tables at the Alfalfa and Gridiron dinners (Clifford boasts that he hasn't missed the Gridiron dinner in forty years), had ringside seats in the arenas where political, journalistic, and corporate power merged in Washington. The arrogant manipulation of "the system" that they and others pursued in those privileged positions has played its part in lowering the tone of political life generally. Williams, who dismissed Jimmy Carter and his outsider's message as "candy ass," couldn't have cared less that many Americans have become disgusted with political life in this country precisely because they know that wealthy insiders cook the system.

There was finally a tinniness to Williams's ambition, in part because his manipulations rarely rose above the comparatively trivial. He never acquired real power in his own right. Oh, he could get his way with men like Jack Kent Cooke, by threatening to withdraw his sponsorship of Cooke's membership in the Metropolitan Club, but he never had all that much pull in the political arena. He flirted with the idea of running for the Senate from Maryland, but never moved beyond talk. He turned down various government posts, and he was insulted by President Johnson's offer to name him Washington's first mayor. His most visible foray into politics—he led the open convention movement at the 1980 Democratic Party conclave, an abortive drive to free delegates to vote their conscience in the showdown between Kennedy and Carter at Madison Square Garden—was an embarrassment.

As he began to devote more of his energies to behind-the-scenes power brokering, moreover, Williams also began to cut more ethical corners. As a criminal defense lawyer, he had already displayed a gross insensitivity to the issue of conflict of interest. He never understood why Joseph Rauh, the famous liberal lawyer, thought that he had "the ethics of a pigsty." Rauh was outraged by Williams & Connolly's representation of the United Mine Workers *and* its corrupt leader Tony Boyle. Boyle was eventually convicted of murdering Rauh's client, the union reformer Jock Yablonski, and Rauh was certain that Williams & Connolly had advised the union to pay hush money to Boyle's henchmen. Williams also thought nothing of defending Adam Clayton Powell and appearing as counsel to Powell's former business manager, who happened to be the government's chief witness in the case.

Later in his career, playing what he took to be the role of a wise man, Williams outdid himself: he accomplished a three-way conflict of interest. In 1978 he represented White House aide Hamilton Jordan and tried to kill a column by Jack Anderson about Robert Vesco's alleged payoffs to Jordan; he had previously defended Vesco, and he had represented *The Washington Post*, which had syndication rights to the Anderson column. During the Reagan years, Williams blithely negotiated for CIA Director William Casey *and the Post* over the paper's use of a sensitive national security leak to Bob Woodward, all the while that Williams was himself serving as a member of the president's foreign intelligence advisory board. Three ways, again.

Winning was all that really mattered. The cause or the client was secondary. Williams was fired from the case of a Vietnam war protester who was arrested for vandalizing a Dow Chemical office because his client complained that Williams could only see his case "from the legal viewpoint. He simply could not see the moral context." With his "larger-than-life" personality, however, and his ability to disarm and to charm, Williams sincerely believed that he could represent all sides of any conflict. "I'm representing the situation," he liked to say.

This hauteur—and its concomitant indifference to such ethical fundamentals as the principle that a lawyer should maintain an arm's-length relationship with his client and advise only one side of a dispute or a deal—infected other bigwigs of the Washington bar, and changed the climate of the local profession. When Clifford decided, in the early 1980s, to add the role of bank executive to his lawyer's docket, he was really emulating

The Geese

The geese deliver winter to the sky
in an elegiac V, an arrowhead.
December, in their wake, ossifies:
an old birch shatters by the watershed.

As an elegiac V the arrowhead
proffers a catalogue of every war:
you can hear the fossil's roaring dead,
each line of battle trumpeting its score.

December, half-awake, ossifies:
the day becomes a war between two states
of being, ice and wind. The geese descry
the season, from their V inviolate.

An old birch shatters. At the watershed
a river rages not to ossify.
The geese deliver winter: all the dead
rise as arrowheads against the sky.

A Little Something

Because a doe broke through the Saunder's fence
to starve beside the heated pool, her thin
ribs cupped like fingers leaking light. Again,
the kettle whistles, dogs bark,—and the sense
we make of being singularly *here*
evaporates. The kitchen window steams
as anywhere, from any steam; the same
fruit ripens on a sill: four green Bosc pears.

Out of the whirlwind, orange pekoe tea.
Dull marigolds offend the telephone.
Against the din —a faucet drips, a grown
man shies from God —the day ends quietly.

Because the tea bag dangles in its noose:
a cul-de-sac, a house, a pet excuse.

ALAN MICHAEL PARKER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Williams, who was by then reaping millions as a lawyer and a team owner. And earlier this year Robert Strauss, another Washington lawyer in the Williams-Clifford mold and now the American ambassador in Moscow, coined a new term of the legal art: he was serving, he said, as "counsel to the transaction," when the Japanese conglomerate Matsushita acquired MCA and his law firm was paid more than $8 million in fees by both sides of the deal. Playing all the angles was the Williams spirit.

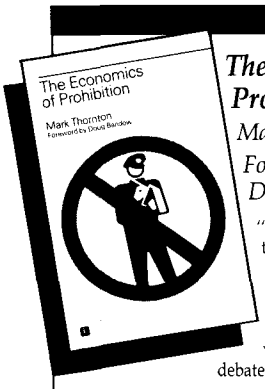
Williams was a Catholic Father of the Year who cheated on his first wife and paid only fitful attention to his children. He wound up on Nixon's Enemies List, but gleefully said he would have counseled Nixon to burn the Watergate tapes on the White House lawn. He represented the Democratic National Committee during Watergate and helped the *Post* chase the money trail that brought down the Nixon White House. (Williams was rumored to be Deep Throat, though Thomas presents no convincing evidence.) But he also defended many Watergate figures and CIA Director Richard Helms. He represented accused Communists before the House Un-American Activities Committee, then turned around and defended McCarthy. (Williams also hauled down hefty fees using his influence with McCarthy to help people get off the blacklists.) Thomas does a good job of presenting these contradictions, but he does not delve deeply. There is little of Williams's interior life here; and though he was given access to many of Williams's personal papers, Thomas quotes from letters only occasionally. Williams's own voice is rarely heard.

Williams was keenly sensitive about his public image, and he invented a version of his life that he repeated over and over to reporters. I was myself once treated to a masterful Williams performance in the mid-1980s, when I was writing a long profile about his law firm. Williams invited me to lunch with him on a Saturday in his imposing private conference room. As he picked at a bowl of fresh fruit and told war stories (mostly verbatim accounts that I had already read in other Williams profiles), I had plenty of time to take in the mementos and the delicatessen photographs—Williams with presidents, with world leaders, with rogues—that surrounded us. On the record, Williams refused to answer any of the questions I asked about his income, and he downplayed his importance to the firm, insisting that Williams & Connolly would easily carry on without him. Then, a few weeks later, he worried that I might take his modesty too seriously and underestimate his huge partnership stake. Off the record, he encouraged me to adjust my figures upward. He refused to sit for a photograph with any of the lawyers whom he thought I might guess was a potential successor, mandating that he be photographed alone or not at all. The magazine I worked for ended up having an artist draw a cover illustration of Williams on a throne with his law partners in his lap, and he loved it.

Thomas does pierce the Williams mythology in several important places. A Freedom of Information request for Williams's military records led Thomas to discover that his subject lied about his World War II record, telling friends that he had been severely injured during a difficult airplane landing when in truth he was discharged from the Army air corps unharmed. And Thomas reveals that Williams was an excessive drinker, almost certainly an alcoholic (though his imbibing never interfered with his work). One winter day in the 1950s, coming home drunk from an office Christmas party, Williams had a head-on collision on Rock Creek Parkway. He was never charged in the incident, thanks to the intercession of one of his former law partners, a former prosecutor who knew the police. Even though the accident records were public, Williams hounded a previous biographer into deleting the incident by threatening libel.

And yet Thomas admires his subject. Sometimes he gets carried away by his enthusiasm for Williams's zest for "contest living." As an example of Williams's panache, for example, Thomas describes how, during the Washington riots following Martin Luther King's assassination, Williams appeared at his law firm and announced that the name of the firm was being changed to include the name of his black chauffeur; and then, in order to get home safely as the city burned around them, Williams took the wheel and drove the chauffeur home. This is hardly hilarious; and it is certainly not hilarious for a man who usually referred to blacks as "shines." (Williams used ethnic slurs for everyone, including fellow Irish Catholics.)

It has become fashionable these days to mourn the passing of Washington superlawyers such as Williams and Clifford, wheelers and dealers who flamboyantly bridged the worlds of money, law, and politics. These days the "men to see" in Washington (and the women) are so much grayer, only dull ex-bureaucrats who earn their $300-an-hour fees representing clients before the agencies they



The Economics of Prohibition
Mark Thornton
Foreword by Doug Bandow

"Thornton's book...arrives to fill an enormous gap, and it does so splendidly...this is an excellent work making an important contribution to scholarship as well as to the public policy debate..."—*Murray N. Rothbard*

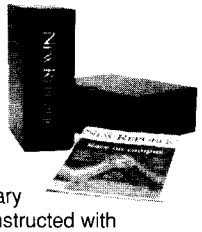
"...a very insightful manuscript...a significant contribution to the economics literatures on crime, policy analysis, and illicit drugs."—*Bruce L. Benson*

Applying the "Austrian School" of Economics' paradigm to the prohibitions of alcohol and drugs, Mark Thornton creates an economic theory regarding the consequences of prohibition. Going beyond the general free-market grounds some economists support, he looks at the economies of prohibition and presents a powerful case for the repeal of all prohibitions as a long-term solution. With this book, Thornton offers fresh insight on gridlocked drug issues and provides a valuable addition to the field of economics and policy science.

ISBN 0-87480-375-6, cloth *$35.00*
ISBN 0-87480-379-9, paper *$15.95*
Available at bookstores, or order toll-free 1-800-444-8638, ext. 6771.

University of Utah Press
101 University Services Building • Salt Lake City, Utah 84112

PROTECT YOUR COPIES OF THE NEW REPUBLIC



These custom-made titled cases are ideal to protect your valuable copies of *The New Republic* from damage. They're designed to hold a year's issues (may vary with issue sizes), constructed with reinforced board, and covered with durable leather-like material in flag blue. Title is hot-stamped in silver and cases are V-notched for easy access.

1–$7.95 3–$21.95 6–$39.95

The New Republic
Jesse Jones Industries, Dept. TNR
499 East Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134

Enclosed is $_____ for ____cases. Add $1.00 per case for postage and handling. Outside USA $2.50 per case (US funds only). PA residents add 7% sales tax.

Print
Name _____
Address _____
No P.O. Box Numbers Please
City _____
State/Zip _____

CHARGE ORDERS (Minimum $15): AmEx, Visa, MC, DC accepted. Send card name, #, Exp. date.
Call Toll Free 7 days, 24 hrs,1-800-825-6690.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once regulated. But it would be wise to hold the tears. Williams and Clifford may have been pillars of the Washington legal elite, men who watched presidents come and go from their comfortable perch inside the city's permanent government of law firms, men's clubs, and owner's boxes. They may have personified the power and the prestige that lawyers could acquire in a city where prominent political figures and captains of industry were in constant need of astute and discreet hired guns. But the vast wealth and clout that they amassed are emblematic of how the practice of law in Washington became twisted into a conflict-ridden, insider's bazaar.

In 1972 Williams turned to Clifford when *Reader's Digest* was about to publish an exposé, based on FBI logs, of his alleged business dealings with the Mafia. With a simple call to an old friend, who also happened to be the publisher of the magazine, Clifford got the story killed. This bit of Washington power-lawyering led Williams to write fawningly, "The fact that you are with me when I need you almost makes the whole experience worthwhile." Clifford, who liked to flatter Williams with the sobriquet "my lawyer," and sometimes referred dicey clients to him (Clifford preferred not to handle criminal matters), stoutly responded, "Rest assured we will man the ramparts together."

In 1990, two years after Williams's death, his law firm tried to return the favor. *Regardie's* magazine was about to publish a story delving into ties between the Washington bank Clifford chaired and BCCI. John Vardaman, a Williams & Connolly partner, wrote the editor of the magazine threatening libel. (Never mind that Williams, as counsel to both the *Post* and the *National Enquirer*, always hailed himself as a champion of the First Amendment.) *Regardie's* went ahead and published its piece, despite the prepublication bullying. With his bank's ties to BCCI now the target of several grand jury probes and his own legal halo badly tarnished, Clifford must dearly wish that "his lawyer" were still around. It is clearly too late for him to understand that such "ramparts" are not worth manning anymore.

JILL ABRAMSON, a Washington reporter, writes about legal affairs.

The Pages of Sin

BY THOMAS R. EDWARDS

Harlot's Ghost by Norman Mailer

(Random House, 1,334 pp., $30)

Harlot's Ghost is a strange and trying thing, and it may be best to describe it before attempting to say what it is like. The novel consists of two sections. The first, called "Omega," centers on one day in 1983 and is about 100 pages long; the second, "Alpha," devotes some 1,200 pages to the experiences of Herrick ("Harry") Hubbard, a middle-level CIA agent, from his youth in the 1930s to 1966. Both sections are manuscripts written by Harry at different times, to which he adds several brief comments written in Moscow in early 1984, with a promise to fill in the story up to then at some future date.

Reading the book thus gives the feel of complex temporal see-sawing, backward to the first Reagan administration, briefly forward from 1983 to 1984, then much further back to the era of World War II, before there was a CIA, then steadily forward to 1966, with a final leap to what is for Harry the present but is for us seven years ago, when the Evil Empire was still evil and imperial and we hadn't yet heard much about William Casey and his friends or voted in a president who once directed the agency himself.

A book that seems to know more than we do about lots of important things—the deaths of John Kennedy and Marilyn Monroe, CIA drug operations in Vietnam, the plots against Fidel Castro's life or dignity, just who had sex with whom, and how, on the New Frontier—also knows less than we do about other things, with its large informational gap of seventeen years at dead center, which seems to represent the distance between imagining the past and the naive idea of "true" history. In a concluding author's note Mailer asserts his right as a historical imaginist even in a book full of real events and names, and he has exercised those rights, I think, quite responsibly; readers looking for scandal about the private lives of famous people will find some, but little of it is new, and cheap thrills are not what the book mainly purveys.

The years from 1955, when Harry Hubbard became an intelligence agent, to the later 1960s were important ones for Mailer too. Having (at least in the simplest view) lost his way as a novelist in *Barbary Shore* (1951) and *The Deer Park* (1955), he gradually extended his powers as a writer in *Advertisements for Myself* (1959), *The Presidential Papers* (1963), and *Cannibals and Christians* (1966), all of them "nonfiction" that enlarged his sense of how personal and public events may intersect, as they so notably would do in his return to fiction, in *An American Dream* (1965) and *Why Are We in Vietnam?* (1967), and in his triumphant continuation as a journalist, in *Armies of the Night* (1967) and *Miami and the Siege of Chicago* (1968). He says that "a part of my imagination ... has lived in the CIA for forty years," and the decade in question must have felt something like operating undercover in the realm of politics, fame, and big money, until he surfaced as a public figure himself, the celebrity writer of his time.

But novelists are always secret agents, spying on a life that recognizes them only when it's too late to resist their subversive purposes. Mailer as spy adds to, but does not supplant, the other roles in his repertory: Mailer as pugilist, ace reporter, political candidate, sexologist, and so on. Each role tests and extends his prior sense of capacity, as well as his audience's sense of how much it can put up with from him.

Harry Hubbard, the book's writing spy, is about a decade younger than Mailer, a graduate of Yale and not Harvard, generally a more passive and traditional soul, and much less smart. Through Harry, Mailer enters a social area that long has fascinated him, that of the old-line East Coast WASP hegemony in its decline. Harry's father is Boardman Kimball Hubbard (Mailer is entranced with the sonorous triplets and quadruplets of blue-blood namings), in his day a second-team All-American fullback at Yale, a regular church-goer and a devoted philanderer and boozer, an early recruit to the OSS who stayed in the CIA with so many of his breed to do vigorous covert service. Harry's godfather, Hugh Tremont Montague, is an even more eminent agency figure, one modeled on James Jesus Angleton; his domain is the shadowy and paranoid maze of counterintelligence, and his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

principle code name, "Harlot," leads toward some understanding of the book's odd title.

Harry had an unhappy childhood and youth, in which the formative institutions of his class—Buckley, the Knickerbocker Grays, and St. Matthew's School, of which his grandfather had been headmaster—had to do service for his divorced and neglectful parents. He was quite ordinary at both studies and [illegible] but Hugh Montague noticed something promising about him, and after testing his mettle by teaching him rock climbing, he pre-recruited Harry for the CIA even before he went to Yale.

Harry himself is Harlot's ghost in that his career as a spook and his general sense of the world are immaterial shapings of Harlot's will. Even his emotional life is a shadow figure of Harlot's own, centering upon his (for a time) idealized and hopeless love for Montague's brainy, palely beautiful, and very weird young wife, Hadley Kittredge Gardiner Montague, Harry's third cousin and herself a psychological warfare specialist for the agency. Sometime in the unnarrated space between 1966 and 1983, Harry and Kittredge have an affair and marry after she divorces Montague, now crippled by a climbing accident that killed his son. But even then Harry recognizes that Harlot occupies Kittredge's mind in ways that he himself does not.

Other senses of "ghost" emerge in the Alpha narrative. Harry is not just a junior runner of agents, he is also a writer, serving the agency and Harlot by turning out ghostwritten pro-CIA spy novels and magazine articles on godless Russia, as well as a projected history of the KGB for in-house consumption, though this last is a deception of his own, since he was really writing Alpha itself. He describes, among many other things, his sexual initiation by an assistant chaplain at St. Matthew's while on a class trip to Washington, his recruitment into the Christian ethic and the CIA by Harlot (himself a tight knot of repressed pedophilia and Puritan fervor), and then, in some 1,100 pages, his professional activities during his first decade in covert operations.

One's enjoyment of Alpha will probably be inversely proportional to how much one remembers of the Eisenhower and Kennedy years and how much one has previously read about the CIA. (Mailer lists some eighty titles in a bibliography of sources.) Harry is sure to turn up like some latter-day Lanny Budd in the area of almost every big intelligence event of the decade, from the construction of the Berlin Tunnel to the killing of John Kennedy. He was too young to catch the Burgess-Maclean-Philby disaster, but older hands tell him all about it; people marginal to his own story but not to history, such as Reinhard Gehlen and Allen Dulles, make brief personal appearances; and a useful circumstantiality is established by copious quoting from intelligence reports, wiretaps, and office jokes, all of which sound authentic even if some are not. Mailer has done his homework thoroughly indeed, and readers who know little about the period can learn a lot from the book.

As parts of a novel, however, the Alpha episodes are rather uneven. The best comes early, with Harry's assignment to Berlin to work under William King Harvey, one of the great characters of intelligence history. Though Mailer says that his "Harvey" is an embellishment of the real man, he sounds very like the Harvey of factual accounts, a man already embellished by nature beyond the reach of even Mailer's art. Harvey (cryptonym BOZO) is an obese, foul-mouthed, gun-toting, hard-drinking boor who learned his trade not among Ivy League mandarins but in the rougher precincts of the FBI. He is devious, suspicious of everyone, ever watchful for assassins (his armored Cadillac and bullet-proof vest are personal trademarks), dangerous to be with even when he's sober, and utterly brilliant at his work, as his major part in the exposure of Kim Philby indicates.

Harry's assignment from this frightening new boss is to track down the bureaucrat in Washington who's been thwarting Harvey's efforts to locate one of his missing double agents. Since Harry himself is the culprit, out of sheer beginner's incompetence, he must pretend to pursue himself through the labyrinth of code names that his father and Harlot have devised to protect him. This makes fine low comedy, and it plays off nicely against Harry's darker adventures in Berlin's underworlds of espionage and sexual deviance, which turn out to be essentially one.

Getting Harry to Berlin in time to know Harvey is worth the effort, but it commits Mailer to finding him something to do next, and this is awkward, since nothing very exciting in operational ways did happen for the next five years. (John Ranelagh's *The Agency*, a history of the CIA from its beginnings to the end of the Reagan era, gives only thirty-eight pages to the period 1956-61, compared with eighty pages for 1953-56 and seventy-seven pages for 1961-65.) Harry in fact gets shipped off to Uruguay for three years, not because much was happening there but because it permits him to meet E. Howard Hunt,

Listen to a new world of sound with the . . .

PowerVox IV only $29.95**

But read this ad for an even better deal!

You won't believe your ears! Concealed in this 2⅛" x 4" black plastic case is technology so advanced that with it you can hear loudly and clearly what you've always struggled to understand. Its state-of-the-art design reduces background noise and amplifies primary sound—voices, music, nature. You can enjoy company at the movies or watch television without blasting everyone else out of the room. A walk through the woods will reveal nature in a way you never thought was possible.

•PowerVox IV *is state-of-the-art in sound amplification. It is a boon to the hearing impaired, or simply a way to better enjoy the sounds around you.*

Rodelvox PowerVox IV comes with a full complement of attachments: Belt/Pocket Clip, Bud-Style Earphones, and 20′ Headphone Cord (for TV). The 9V battery is not included.

We are the exclusive importers of Rodelvox electronic instruments and can therefore bring you this startling product for just $29.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.95 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Enhance your range of perception and hear sounds with more clarity and enjoyment.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4211B057**. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $3.50 for one; $10.50 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

Looking for a bargain? Come in and visit our Catalog Outlet in San Francisco.

since 1967
haverhills®
of San Francisco
139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whom Mailer (on what authority I don't know) makes station chief in Montevideo. For 264 pages Harry has nothing to do except get to know Hunt (whom he rather likes despite his arriviste anxieties), keep an eye on petty local radicals and clownish KGB types, have some steamy sex with a colleague's wife and an exotic transsexual, and correspond lengthily and rather archly with Kittredge.

The rest of Alpha describes Harry's participation, with his father, Harlot, Hunt, Harvey, Edward Lansdale, and many others, in the plots against Castro, with their ramifications in show business and organized crime, the Bay of Pigs, the Cuban missile crisis, and the mysteries of JFK's assassination. Here Mailer integrates his new role as spy with older ones—celebrity talk show host, tell-all journalist—as he pries with great verve into the sexual privacies of Kennedy, Frank Sinatra, various Mafiosi, Marilyn Monroe, and the woman he calls "Modene Murphy" (his version of Judith Campbell Exner), the great and good friend of most of the above and, for a time, of Harry, too. At the end we read what seems as much a threat as a promise, "TO BE CONTINUED."

Described out of context, Alpha sounds like an overstuffed bildungsroman about a fairly dull and pompous young man whose entrance into modern reality is interesting chiefly because of the times he lived in and the people he met. Mailer probably does enjoy a little too much his memories of and new investigations into the secret history of his own era. But one's prior reading of Omega makes Alpha something more, though not always a lot more, than a tedious rehashing of modern times.

Omega is high, lurid melodrama that sounds in summary like one of the more baroque extravaganzas of Robert Ludlum and his school. On a late-winter night in 1983 Harry, now married to Kittredge and living in his family's ancestral house on Doane Island, Maine, drives home on icy roads after an assignation with his waitress paramour in Bath. Musing on his heritage and the family ghosts that haunt the old place, he nearly drowns rowing from Mt. Desert to Doane through a fierce tidal race, and Kittredge, who often communes with spirits herself, begins to speak wildly in a voice like that of Harlot. Noticing dark figures outside, Harry investigates, to find an old friend from the agency, Reed Rosen, on the premises with a small surveillance team.

Rosen gives this Gothic atmosphere a practical focus. A body appearing to be that of Harlot, who's an accomplished sailor, has washed ashore in Chesapeake Bay with most of its face blown away. Despite the indications of murder or suicide, either of which would make sense given Harlot's present situation, Rosen suspects that the KGB has prepared and killed a double, to conceal Montague's defection to the USSR. (Harvey has always suspected him of being a Soviet mole.) Harry offers another theory, that he was murdered by a secret coven of CIA rogues that he had been searching for, the "High Holies," who made billions from drug trafficking in Vietnam and perhaps also by skimming from the Federal Reserve, which after all occupied the offices upstairs from the Democratic National Committee at the Watergate. This money, Harlot suspected, was prudently invested to give the agency, and free-lancers like the High Holies themselves, an ample source of off-the-books financing for future illegal operations.

Both Harry and Rosen see a likely ringleader in the sinister Dix Butler, whom they've known and feared since their training days with him and who has been living high since he resigned from the agency after Vietnam. A distraught Kittredge then admits to Harry that she's in love with Dix Butler, although—or because—he makes her feel evil; Harry flees to New York, where he writes Omega after learning that later that same night his house burned down and Rosen's body, but only his, was found in the ashes.

In Omega, Mailer combines the balderdash of bad commercial thrillers with the more expressive balderdash that writers like Poe, Hawthorne, and (in his spookier moods) Henry James made something distinguished out of. The atmosphere of moral decay at Doane, amid the psychological and actual hauntings of an etiolated lineage, the intimation of complex dangers not yet clearly apprehended, reminds us that Gothic can convey very real and serious anxieties. And in its heightening of certain kinds of detail, Omega weaves a strand of metaphor that gives the book, Alpha included, more imaginative coherence than it at first may seem to have.

This coherence, to be sure, is provisional and problematic. *Harlot's Ghost* advances a very imposing idea of itself as being something like a religious epic, Mailer's *Paradise Lost*, as it were, in which the cold war would figure as the War in Heaven, the Creation, and the Fall. I judge that Mailer means both to see what such an analogy can explain and also to play with its more obvious absurdities. Omega is certainly loaded with phrases like "unholy ease," "I felt—in a word—evil, and enjoyed it," "a hellish occasion," which comment most immediately on the stilted feebleness of WASP expletives.

But sacred terms keep attaching themselves to secular occasions. Harlot is Harry's godfather, as Harry is godfather to Harlot's son Christopher, who dies. Harry and Kittredge think of their earlier adultery as a "sacrament" and of themselves as courtly lovers betraying their "lord." ("You're devil's heaven," she exclaimed when he first performed cunnilingus upon her.) Her temptation by the devilish Dix Butler evokes the story of Eve and the serpent, and we're told several times that Harry has a very prominent Adam's apple. Harlot's apparent death and putative resurrection is reported by a man whose own transition from Hebraism to Episcopalianism recalls the Conversion of the Jews. Such metaphors, or such jokes, are more frequent in Omega, but Alpha often echoes them with nice local effect, as when Harry remembers Harlot looking out his window and seeing a colleague in a nearby office kissing his secretary: Harlot promptly rang the man's extension, castigated him, and, when the poor fellow asked who was calling, simply said, "God," and hung up.

Gott mit uns is a comforting thought for ideological warriors, as potent for Milton's Puritan contemporaries as for their descendents in modern New England. Harlot and Kittredge resemble a good many real-life zealots in their conviction that espionage is a divine calling, and Mailer enjoys mocking this illusion. Still, it almost makes sense if you imagine a God like Milton's. "Intelligence" means not just information or the work of gathering it, but also spirit; and in a certain spirit it might be argued that the original Central Intelligence Agency was God the Father and his networks of alert archangels. When in Omega Harry remembers a line from *Paradise Lost*—"millions of creatures walk the earth unseen"—he gets it wrong (Milton wrote "spiritual creatures"), but in either form it does describe the feel of a world haunted and controlled by spectral agents like himself, ghosts of policy at war with others of their kind who have fallen into evil negation.

But none of these figurative possibilities is decisive. Even Harry finds it harder and harder to tell the good ghosts from the bad ones, and even Milton, Blake approvingly suggested, was of the devil's party without knowing it. Harlot the lord is also the father of lies, and his enemy Dix Butler is a prince of darkness, too. Rather than assigning stable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moral identities to the participants, Mailer uses the terms of Christian epic to investigate the challenge that the CIA and the cold war generally present to the imagination, remembering that the imagination and its tropes are as inherently equivocal as is espionage itself. If Milton's War in Heaven and its consequences in some loose way represent the cold war, they also represent—in Harlot the repressed homosexual, Butler the aggressive bisexual, and Harry the heterosexual who relishes unconventional practice—the old Mailerian war between God and the Devil in the tension between genital and oral or anal intercourse, the dream of a sexuality that could leap the bounds of mere gender.

Readers who come to *Harlot's Ghost* hoping for an indictment or an exoneration of the CIA and its behavior will leave it, probably before it ends, with whatever view they brought with them. Readers who judge new novels by how closely they resemble novels they have already read and liked will think this one seriously defective. Readers who want all the hidden truths revealed, as at the end of spy novels, will wait eagerly for that gap between 1966 and 1983 to be filled in, with rich disclosures about Vietnam and Watergate, in the sequel that Mailer says he really intends to write sometime.

But a more fit audience (however few) will think a sequel unnecessary, since it is in the gaps, the equivocations, the balancing of history and myth, of tedium and excitement, that the novel best represents imagination working hard at reforming a world that as always resists its ministrations. Once again Mailer has his subject both ways. But rather than complaining, I'd prefer to remember Dr. Johnson's praise of *Paradise Lost*, in terms that, as it happens, have something to do with spying:

> To paint things as they are requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his fancies out upon discovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel, and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings, to trace the councils of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven.

He also said that "none ever wished it longer than it is."

THOMAS R. EDWARDS teaches at Rutgers and is an editor of *Raritan*. He is the author most recently of *Over Here: Criticizing America 1968-1989* (Rutgers University Press).

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 4*

explain how this fact illustrates the moral thrust that underlies this and the other books she criticizes in her review. Far from "elevating lapses of taste into moral evils," Mr. Fussell, like Alexander Pope and Jonathan Swift before him, shows how the modern celebration of glitz and schlock reflects a profound change in moral perception that has been taking place since the mid-seventeenth century. Since the time of the First World War, however, the rate of change has become dizzying. Hence Mr. Fussell's horrified fascination with that war, with World War II, and with the "modern" world that they ushered in.

DAVID F. VENTURO
Worcester, Massachusetts

The animus of hate

To the editors:

The concern Jonathan Rauch expresses with respect to hate-crimes laws ("Thought Crimes," October 7) is based on a fundamentally erroneous premise—that they criminalize hate speech or the prejudices and beliefs that underlie such speech. Rather, hate-crimes laws provide a heightened penalty when circumstances demonstrate that a particular crime is a manifestation of—and would not have occurred but for—animus based on the victim's race, color, religion, gender, or national origin. Treatment of these crimes differently from other crimes is appropriate because, as Mr. Rauch himself acknowledges, hate crimes "are a threat directed against a class, and a vulnerable class at that." As such, hate crimes are a form of crime that, more than any other, not only harms the individual victim but threatens to undo the very bonds that hold together a society committed to shared values of tolerance and pluralism.

There is no inconsistency between hate-crimes laws and the proposition that if constitutional protections of free speech are to mean anything they must protect the speech we abhor as much as the speech we approve. Unlike such problematic proposals as group libel legislation or university codes that include regulation of speech, hate-crimes law is directed only at conduct that is already clearly criminal in nature. (The St. Paul statute to which Mr. Rauch alludes—which in any event is not typical of hate-crimes statutes—has been restrictively interpreted by the Minnesota Supreme Court so as not to be applicable to an act that merely "upset[s] someone.")

The law looks to motivation in determining the seriousness of the offense and the extent of punishment in other cases, such as in the distinction between murder and manslaughter. It is entirely appropriate that when a crime motivated by hate has taken place—as opposed to bigoted speech or other protected, even if offensive, expressive activity—that society be entitled to find greater culpability because of that motivation.

RICHARD T. FOLTIN
New York, New York

The writer is director of governmental affairs for the American Jewish Committee.

Maxima culpa

To the editors:

The title of Jacob Weisberg's Washington Diarist "Miata Culpa" (October 14) would lead one to believe that he has at least a basic familiarity with the Latin language. His last paragraph, however, belies this assumption. Many of the supposedly "fake" words that the Japanese and Koreans have used to name their cars are actually Latin words, with meanings well suited to the task of selling a new product: *maxima*—greatest, largest, biggest; *supra*—above, up on top; *integra*—whole, complete, fresh, new; *infiniti*—boundless, endless; *cultus*—cultivated, well-dressed, polished.

Perhaps in the future Mr. Weisberg should consult with the Japanese and Koreans in order to avoid labeling words of the Latin language "fake."

SHEILA M. HOULIHAN
Wilbraham, Massachusetts

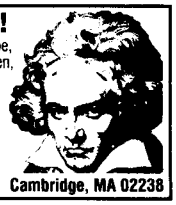
To the editors:

I was surprised that Jacob Weisberg found the Joan Shorenstein Barone Center's "Nine Sundays" proposal "much too complicated to make sense to anyone other than a political scientist." It seems very straightforward to me and to virtually everyone I know who has actually read it.

My suspicion is that Mr. Weisberg did not read the proposal. Perhaps that's unfair. Anyway, I am sending off a copy to the noted Simon and Schuster editor Alice Mayhew for an independent judgment on the clarity, or lack thereof, of the "Nine Sundays" proposal.

JOHN ELLIS
Cambridge, Massachusetts

The writer is author of the "Nine Sundays" proposal.

CLASSIC T-SHIRTS!
Beethoven, Da Vinci, Sitting Bull, Jung, Poe, Mozart, Cheshire Cat, Shakespeare, Austen, Nietzsche, Darwin, Van Gogh, Twain, etc.
Brochure of over 100 designs: $1.00
T-Shirt: (white or grey) $13.75, 4/$49.
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $23, 2/$44.
Sizes: S, M, L, XL. **Ship:** $3.00 per order.
MC/VISA 1-617-787-1176
Historical Products, P.O. Box 220 NR, Cambridge, MA 02238


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Only the wind

A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO I bought my first television. The last time I spent any appreciable time in front of the box was as a misanthropic teenager without a car in a suburban town. These days my needs are slightly less urgent. Getting a television seemed a simple way to provide amusement during those hours late at night when I'm too tired to read and too antsy to sleep. I envisaged it as a kind of cultural tranquilizer, soothing in its eschewal of anything too thought-provoking, calming in its flickering succession of aesthetic blather, diverting in its immersion in the broader culture of which I was doubtless woefully ignorant. There would be downsides, of course. I would no longer have conversations like the one a few years ago when I was introduced to Jane Pauley at a Washington party and asked her what she did for a living. And I would no longer convincingly be able to deny that I knew who Luke Perry was. But these small crosses were tolerable to bear. I needed a visual valium.

THE EFFECT, UNFORTUNATELY, WAS more like speed. Like the villagers I once observed in the jungles of Burma, crouched in front of a single fuzzy screen, I found myself mesmerized by its near-hallucinatory pull. And I don't even have cable. My phone bills plummeted. My knowledge of various kinds of automobile air bags expanded. I learned euphemisms for incontinence diapers for the elderly. I found myself rushing home from the office to catch National Geographic specials, watching men in beards stomp through the swamps of Okefenokee and pine martins chase fluffy little snow-rabbits across the plains of North America. I learned the rules of baseball. I found out that G.E. is responsible for everything that I have ever thought or done, and saw shows on PBS that I hadn't seen since I was a kid in England. One Sunday morning I even woke to watch colleagues of mine, whom I had long deemed relatively sane and coherent, yelling wild epithets at one another in an apparent attempt at public entertainment. It is all a bizarre but wonderful world. My only worry is that it will keep me out of touch with the lives and culture of the vast majority of Americans.

I WAS MOVED BY THE MAIL THAT came in sympathy for my recent and continuing follicular loss. The subject is one in which the fathomless self-concern of the average American male somehow finds its most piquant expression. Letters of support and condolence were all gratefully received, but I am sorry to say that my faith in minoxidil has been lately wearing a little, well, thin. But there's hope. Hot news on the underground Bald Nation network came in a recent copy of the *International Journal of Dermatology*, which a neighbor discreetly slipped under my door. In a riveting (to some) article, climactically titled "The Biological Effects of a Pulsed Electrostatic Field with Specific Reference to Hair," the news of a medical breakthrough in Canada was dispassionately narrated. The method is something called electrotrichogenesis, and involves sitting under what looks like a salon hair dryer for twelve minutes every week, while specially designed electrode plates "bathe" your head with electrical field energy. After thirty-six weeks a large number of Canadians experienced an average 66.1 percent increase in hair growth, and none of them had any major side-effects, except, perhaps, for a tendency to accumulate iron filings in their immediate vicinity. The FDA is now testing for the process to be available in this country. Something called the Current Technology Corporation is even itching to market it at $50 a zap. You can see the ad spiel now. A mere $2,500 a year for regular treatment—and there's none of that embarrassing nozzle-squirting in the locker room. Specially recommended for men in need of magnetism.

TITLED "THE AUGUST COUP," Mikhail Gorbachev's sizzling new memoir provides deep insights into the man *The Economist* recently called the "gentleman-communist." The European press's favorite tidbit is the fact that François Mitterrand didn't telephone Gorbachev in the Crimea. But don't get too excited. On vacation, we learn at one comparatively lively point, Mikhail had lengthy chats with "Velichko (Deputy Prime Minister), Volsky (President of the Scientific-Industrial Association), and Gurenko (First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Ukrainian Communist Party). Dementey (Chairman of Byelorussia's Supreme Soviet) did not answer my call..." This is no unrepresentative quote. In another chapter, Gorby intones, "We have tremendous possibilities. That is not just a standard phrase, a cliché. I am hearing it said repeatedly by foreigners whom I talk to." In a chapter called "The Congress of People's Deputies," we learn that "I appreciate very highly the fact that, although they expressed a great variety of opinions, the majority of the People's Deputies treated our assessment of the situation with a great sense of responsibility." If anyone still harbors any ideas that Mikhail Sergeyevich is more than just a lost Party hack, I recommend this book. Believe me, this is not just a cliché. I am hearing it said repeatedly by every Russian whom I talk to.

NO ONE DESERVES HIS obituary like a tabloid owner, and the death of Robert Maxwell was one of those moments that any self-respecting hack lives for. The New York press, however, was pathetic. The Maxwell-owned *Daily News* went in for the "FAREWELL" option, which was understandable enough, but the *Post* wimped out with "MAXWELL DEAD." The Brits, of course, played to form. *The Daily Mirror*, Maxwell's own paper, managed the subtle: "THE MAN WHO SAVED THE DAILY MIRROR: pages 2-11, 18, 19, 34-36." Others were not so deferential. A *Guardian* reporter walked promptly up to his *Mirror* rival in the House of Commons and asked, "Did you hear what happened to Captain Bob, bob, bob, bob ...?" There was a brawl. But the real ammunition came from the *Mirror*'s dread rival, *The Sun*. Instant legend has it that the day of Maxwell's demise, the editor of said paper assembled his hacks and announced, "OK, you lot. Tomorrow I want a feature that says: 'Twenty Things You Never Knew About Robert Maxwell.' Number One: He Can't Swim." The feature never appeared. Others did. With the banner headline: "DID HE FALL? DID HE JUMP?: Tycoon found dead in sea," *The Sun*'s coverage included the following features: "Richest peasant in the world," and "Why Daily Mirror's punters may lose a fortune." Page 2 informed its 4 million readers "HE COULD HAVE LASTED 6 HOURS... Twenty stone Robert Maxwell could have survived for six hours before perishing in the water, an expert revealed last night. His fatty body would have given him protection against the cold and made it easier for him to float." Now, you just don't get that kind of stuff on television.

ANDREW SULLIVAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to make a Lufthansa connection in over 200 places we don't even fly to.

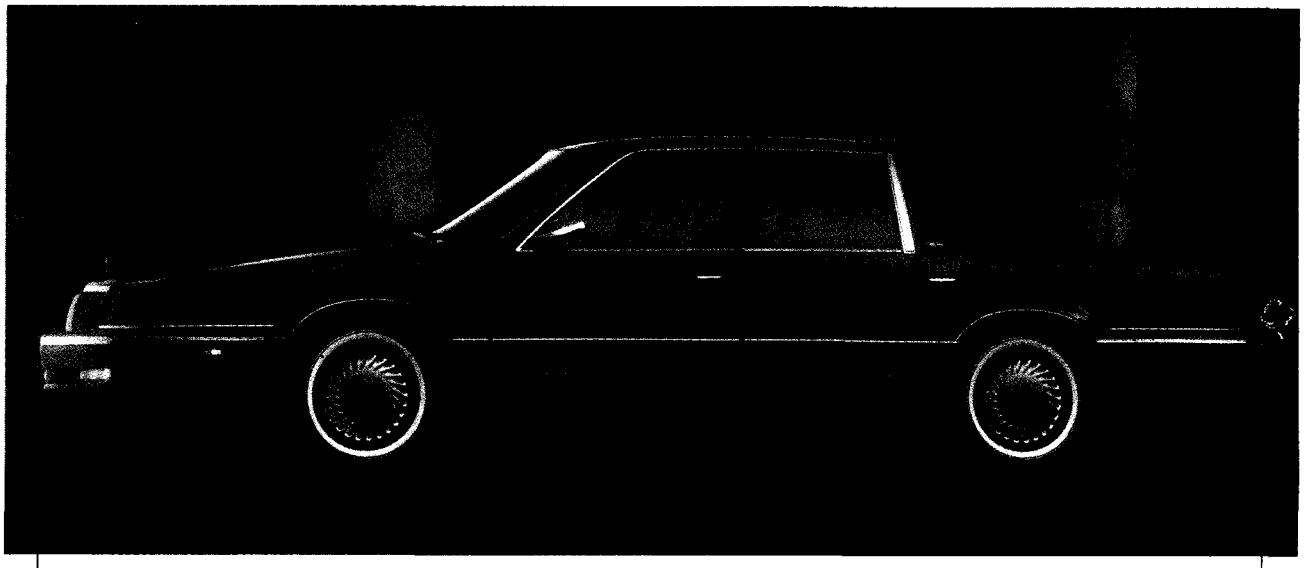
When you fly Lufthansa, you never have to feel like you're alone. Because we have more than 390 offices on 6 continents. And over 200 of them are in places we don't even fly to. So almost anywhere you go, you can rely on our people to also be there. Dedicated people, familiar with the area, who can help you once you're there with last-minute travel plans, hotels, rental cars or just about anything else you might need. We can even tell you where to get the best roast duck in Taipei. It's our way of showing we'll go to the ends of the earth to make you feel at home. At Lufthansa, providing you with the best service everywhere in the world isn't just our job. It's our passion.

A passion for perfection.[sm]

Lufthansa

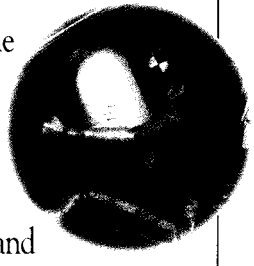
Lufthansa is a participant in the mileage programs of United, Delta, USAir and Continental. See your Travel Agent for details.

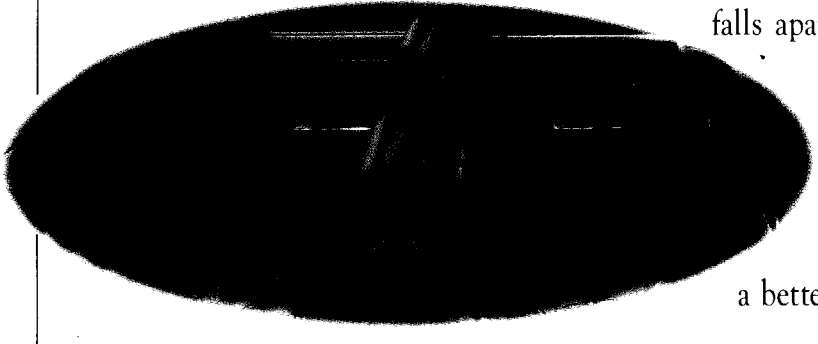
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



If it had less legroom, a lesser warranty, and cost thousands more, it could be a Cadillac.

Logic would seem to dictate that when you pay thousands of dollars more for a car, you should get a lot more car. Apparently, in the case of the Cadillac Sedan DeVille versus the Chrysler Fifth Avenue, logic does not apply. Both cars provide ample room for six, air-conditioning, automatic transmission, automatic load leveling, stereo sound system, fully reclining seats, all as standard equipment. Both offer safety and performance. A driver's air bag is standard on the Chrysler Fifth Avenue, as is a powerful fuel-injected, 3.3-liter V-6. Anti-lock brakes are also available. Here, however, is where logic totally falls apart. The restyled Chrysler Fifth Avenue costs thousands less, yet it has more rear legroom than the largest Cadillac*. And it offers a better warranty: bumper-to-bumper protection for 5 years or 50,000 miles† So if you're looking for a great luxury car, defy logic. Pay less, get more. Chrysler Fifth Avenue. For more information, call 1-800-4A-CHRYSLER.





ADVANTAGE: CHRYSLER

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755
RECEIVED
NOV 12 1991

*Standard equipment levels vary. Legroom comparison to Cadillac Brougham. †Excludes normal maintenance, adjustments and wear items. See limited warranty at dealer. Some restrictions apply.

OFFICIAL SPONSOR OF THE 1992 U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM
36USC380
USA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED